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By the same Author.

SCOTLAND;

ITS FAITH AND FEATURES.

"We always feel a liking for a writer who endeavours to describe a country the very mention of which brings to our mind so many agreeable recollections, as Scotland. With this feeling we have read Mr. Trench's diary of a tour in that romantic country—a work which is, in more senses than one, an agreeable specimen of the manner in which travelling may be turned to good account.....It is no less strange than true, that of all the romantic countries within the reach of ordinary travellers, Scotland has hitherto been the least explored. Of the many thousand tourists who annually take their flight northwards, not one in a hundred comes home with anything like a decent knowledge of the country..... We must not, however, be thought to imply that Mr. Trench's book is destitute of interest. On the contrary, we have seldom met with a traveller who has made better use of his time than our author. He has not only made himself acquainted with the feelings of the people on matters of the deepest interest to their national fortunes, but has collected and arranged in the clearest manner a considerable amount of information on two most engrossing topics—the Free Church question and the Poor Laws."—*Times*.

"The religious condition of Scotland, of course, occupied a great—the greatest share of Mr. Trench's observation. His report is in every way favourable to the national character, although no country is more affected by religious divisions and dissensions than Scotland. His judgment is delivered with much apparent impartiality between the Established and the Free Churches. The ministers of the former have his respect; but that, with the addition of his sympathy and admiration, we find bestowed unmeasuredly on the seceders. Indeed, we must confess that the latter have so conducted their secession, that they have, if mistaken, displayed so much earnestness—so entire a want of selfishness—such energy, and such an unbounded spirit of love and liberality towards their ministry, that they compel an admiration and sympathy for their conduct and condition which we cannot give to their cause. Mr. Trench professes to see the probability of a time coming when Tractarianism, should it ever be fostered by the State, may force the truly Protestant branch of the Church of England to divide, and establish herself after the fashion of the Free Church of Scotland. We acknowledge that, should Tractarianism ever fully accomplish its object, a dire revolution certainly in the Church, and possibly in the State, will be the consequence. Which way it may tend, or what may be its issues, we cannot foresee; neither can we comprehend the possibility of a free episcopal Church: but this we may assert with confidence, that, if the watchman be true, the citadel is safe, and the Tractarian object will be, not a '*fait accompli*,' but an object failed.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SCOTLAND; ITS FAITH AND FEATURES—*continued.*

"We have not space for quotation, at present, from these volumes: in another column will be found an extract containing Mr. Trench's view of the very important question, as to whether the English bishops have jurisdiction within Scottish dioceses, or not? He treats the question principally in reference to the state of things connected with Messrs. Drummond and Miles, and Sir W. Dunbar. It is quite irrespective of the merits of those individual cases that we express our conviction that, the law being as Mr. Trench has stated it, the English bishops may exercise authority over English episcopalian congregations assembling in Scottish dioceses."—*Church and State Gazette.*

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ROUND

MONT BLANC,

ETC.

BY THE

REV. FRANCIS TRENCH,

AUTHOR OF "SCOTLAND, ITS FAITH AND FEATURES," AND
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TO

RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

OF FREEHILLS,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HIS SON.

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PREFACE.

The following Diary is written and published in the hope of its meeting no unfavourable acceptation on the part of two different classes of readers.

The first class to which I refer is that numerous body of persons who, although prevented by various circumstances from making any such expeditions as that mentioned here, do nevertheless very much enjoy the description of such scenes as those which the author visited, as well as the personal narrative of that which meets the traveller on his way. And there are many who value such narratives, just in proportion to the close, graphic detail of the writer's proceedings, inasmuch as they are thus enabled, in

a certain degree, to share in his onward course, and become, as it were, almost his fellow-travellers.

I have also another class in my mind, to whom I trust that this volume will not prove altogether useless. I allude to those who have, like the author, the privilege of being engaged in full and continued duties, leaving them only limited periods which they can employ in change and recreation. Many such persons love and delight in the grand features which the earth presents as keenly, perhaps more keenly, than those whose full and unrestricted leisure enables them to wander where they please, and as long as they please. And, therefore, it becomes of no little consequence for them to ascertain what extent of course can be advantageously performed in a given period, as well as the exact means to be pursued for a judicious outlay and arrangement of their time.

To such persons I venture to offer this small volume If they can command *one single month*

at a favourable season of the year,* and if capable of bearing a certain amount of bodily exertion, they may accomplish exactly the same course as that described in the following pages. And I can truly say that I am not aware of having *once*, during the whole expedition, felt regret at having selected any single part of my excursion, or any wish that I had substituted some other line in preference to that which I had been led to adopt.

It will be a sincere gratification to me, if this narrative should prove interesting and serviceable in the manner thus described. And let me beg my readers to remember, that, if they find little or nothing of deeper or more laboured subjects here, such could scarcely be expected from the record of one month's *recreation:* and nothing more is claimed for this volume.

Few things have been more pleasing to my feelings than to hear of my former works, of a similar character, as supplying in times of weak-

* I should recommend July or August as the best.

ening illness, or of depressing grief, that varied aliment for the mind and the heart, which was felt to be cheerful and exhilarating, while, at the same time, it was not devoid of Christian and Scriptural truth, intermingled with all, as opportunity arose. And should the Author have succeeded here in giving expression and permanence to any thought which, lightly playing* around mind or heart of any future readers, whether at home or abroad,—whether in their homes or on the mountain steep, may not only please, but also edify, by directing the affections unto the mighty GOD of all providence and grace, or in any other way, then he will not have noted and written in vain, and such a result will prove a full reward for that additional attention and time which the pages of his Journal have, of course, received, to meet the public eye.

* The thought is suggested by the beautiful couplet of Persius, descriptive of a predecessor in poetic art, as one who in his writings "*circum præcordia ludit.*"

A

WALK ROUND MONT BLANC.

CHAPTER I.

PLAN OF JOURNEY—THE PASSAGE—ARRIVAL—FESTIVAL.

Tuesday, July 6th.—Having unexpectedly met with the valued offer of clerical assistance for a month from one* to whose care I could entrust my charge with the fullest confidence in his doctrine, assiduity, and pastoral love, I determined to employ this short vacation from my ordinary duties by a visit to Mont Blanc—that grand marvel, not only of Europe, but of the whole world, which was altogether new to me, my acquaintance with the locality being limited to one distant and momentary view of its summit which I had from Geneva many years ago.

* The Hon. and Rev. W. Wingfield, Rector of Abbeyleix.

My plan and intention was this—to employ a week in reaching the vicinity of Mont Blanc, a fortnight in excursions connected with the various scenes which it presents, and a week in returning home. I expected to derive much refreshment and general benefit, both for body and mind, from this expedition; much gratification in accomplishing it, and a rich store of those enduring reminiscences, which scenes even far less impressive have not failed to fix upon my mind with indelible stamp, even as fair pictures, loved and cherished, and adorning the walls of one delighting in their ownership.

I was on this occasion unable to enjoy the companionship of one in whose society I have had the happiness to make those previous journeys of which I have already recorded the details in print; and circumstances also obliged me to decline more than one invitation from highly valued friends about to direct their steps towards the same localities as those to which I was myself going. Nevertheless, I did not set out without the expectation that my journey might prove not altogether solitary, or without a readiness to profit by such companionship as might be provided for me on my way.

This anticipation was very speedily realized; for, on descending into the cabin of the *Triton* —bound from London to Ostend—on a most lovely morning (I refer to Tuesday, the 6th of July), the very first passenger I saw was one* well known for zeal, eloquence, and labours in the cause of Divine truth,—one whom I had known slightly before, and in whose society I now found that true pleasure and benefit which talents, and graces, and information like his, accompanied with all cordial friendliness of heart, can scarcely fail to communicate.

Our passage was very agreeable, except for about an hour, about half-way across, when we were enveloped in a sudden and unexpected mist, so thick that even in the middle of a mid-summer's day we passed by more than one large sailing-vessel lying to, and looming suddenly upon us through the dense, heavy atmosphere.

The mate and sailors of the vessel spoke of this mist as most unusual in its degree for the present season of the year, although they had met with it in the same place on the previous day; and certainly they did not seem to like it at all, keenly looking out for other sails from all

* The Rev. Robert M'Ghee.

parts of our vessel, and strongly expressing their preference of any other sort of weather—rain, or storm, or whatever it might be—to that which we were experiencing at the time.

In the small party composing the passengers, there were not wanting some to hold religious conversation; and I observed, not without interest, how earnestly the captain—a true representative of a stout English sailor—listened to the plain, hearty, and eloquent language in which my reverend brother mentioned above set forth the truths connected with the Gospel; telling of man's fall, his full redemption by Christ, the need of the Holy Spirit's operation on the soul, and the blessedness of that safety and peace which comes from the knowledge of a reconciled Father and God. When he had done speaking, the captain eagerly asked me what his name was; and I tried to follow the lesson given in the deed of Aaron and Hur, by seeking to sustain his hands, and to corroborate his words with a few additional remarks bearing on the same truths. I also put into his hands a copy of that admirable tract, "The Brazen Serpent," which, as a clear and simple exposition of the Gospel, well deserves all possible circulation.

Ostend is, in reality, a town of considerable size; but, as seen from the water, presents the most insignificant appearance. It is, in fact, hid behind the dykes and fortifications with which it is surrounded. There is little to interest in the place, though many and many a traveller from England's shore has here first stood on foreign ground, first heard a foreign language spoken around him, and first realized those keen feelings of interest which such an occasion is calculated to convey. I well remember the animating effect of a first morning on the Continent in this very place, on one thus circumstanced, whose fellow-traveller I was at the time. My own first morning on a foreign soil was in a locality and scene very much superior—in the town of Rouen; and from that day to this that city has had for me an indescribable charm, independent of its grand and beautiful features, striking and attractive as they are.

We went to the *Hôtel d'Allemagne*, which is good and well situated, and were immediately attended to by a crowd of those young obliging waiters who are met with in the large hotels in the grand route of travelling on the Continent, and who generally contrive to speak a little

English. The reception, as usual, *seemed* all confusion, but, in reality, everything in these hotels, where sometimes more than a hundred guests come in the night and depart in the morning, is conducted with the utmost regularity, and each servant has his own duty exactly and strictly prescribed.

The whole town was in a state of motion and excitement, from its being the time of the *kirmes* —an anniversary half religious and half social, on which the people employ two or three days in special festivity. Music was sounding on all sides, and children were dancing in circles round lighted tapers and lamps. The coffee-houses were crowded with visitors, all singing one song, set by some one in each apartment; and the streets were crowded with pedestrians. The town presented no slight contrast to the dullness and stillness prevailing in it under ordinary circumstances; and the noise and bustle continued far into the night.

CHAPTER II.

SPEED IN TRAVEL—RAILWAY—BELGIC GUARDS—COLOGNE—THE RHINE REVISITED—NIGHT SCENE.

Wednesday, July 7th.—It appears to me, in general, that the pleasure and profit of travelling are in the inverse ratio of its speed ; and that just in proportion as you travel quick, you lose all the advantages for which you travel at all. You have no time for observation—no opportunity for communication with the inhabitants of each separate locality—no means of entering at all into the tone and peculiar characteristics of each land which you visit.

Having said this, I am bound to give my excuse, or rather my reason, for that rapidity with which I travelled this day, as well as for some days following, although passing by some of the most

interesting and curious cities in the world—I allude to those of Belgium—as well as through a country distinguished, perhaps, above any other known land for its agriculture, and with no small claims to attention from the manufacturing industry, enterprise, and skill, displayed by its inhabitants. My excuse, or rather, as I said before, my reason, was, that I had another and specific object in view, which, from my time being strictly limited, I could not possibly accomplish, except by resisting all inducements to deviate, for any purpose, from my way, and to tarry among other scenes, even for the shortest period. Accordingly, I took my place from Ostend to Cologne—a journey of fourteen consecutive hours by railroad—although Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Liege, and Louvain, were either on the line, or close to it; and although my acquaintance with these cities has hitherto been of the most superficial kind. Mont Blanc was in view, and for it I felt myself bound.

Nothing can surpass the *convenience* of having such a communication as that of the Belgian railroad, just where it is—leading direct to that grand European roadway, the Rhine; while, at

the same time, the slowness of the trains, their constant stoppages, the rough and uneasy movement on a great part of the line, and the clouds of dusty sand with which, in summer, the passengers are enveloped, render the course by no means *agreeable;* and there is but one universal testimony of travellers to their gratification on finishing this part of their journey. There is another peculiarity also in the transit, so far as one sense of the traveller from England is concerned; you cannot help perceiving as you proceed that the air is all impregnated with one peculiar odour; and, if inexperienced in the matter, it is not till after some inquiry and observation, that you discover this to be the result of the vast quantity of tobacco in progress of consumption by the various travellers of the convoy. Nominally and professedly, smoking is forbidden in the carriages generally, as well as in the station-rooms; but, virtually and practically, the case is altogether different, and the guards themselves are often actively engaged in adding to the *perfume.* "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" and if so, what Belgian or Prussian functionary will treat the most determined smoker with anything but tenderness? Accordingly, the open and

third-class carriages are full of the most persevering and active consumers of cigars or of tobacco in pipes; and hence the stream of impregnated air which meets all those who travel in the rear of the train—that is, in the first or second-class carriages.

We found that many of the functionaries connected with the railroad were able to speak English, and all were obliging and attentive to inquiries. One was highly courteous, putting an unpleasant alternative in very choice language. An Englishman, playfully assuming that he had no passport, asked what would be the consequence to him; "Je serais obligé de vous inviter de retourner, Monsieur," was the answer, conveyed in a tone the most quiet, and expressing that, while it was a subject of necessity, it was one of sincere regret.

To dwell on the features of a country as observed from the window of a railroad carriage, would be idle indeed; I shall therefore only say, that as we approached Liege, the vast and richly cultivated plain which we had so long traversed, was exchanged for some scenery of a very varied and romantic character, and that from hence to Cologne the country presents a succession of

attractive views, terminated at their close by the steeples of Cologne, and its cathedral, rising aloft in the air, with the grand, but disunited portions of architecture forming its double top.

We reached this city at about eight o'clock, and proceeded for the night to the Hôtel Royal, a large and well-conducted establishment on the borders of the Rhine. From my bedroom window I had a near and full gaze of that glorious river. Often as I have seen it before, my admiration and delight at beholding it again were in no wise less vivid than on former occasions. The *variety* of form presented by other rivers and streams, adds in some degree to your interest in seeing them at different seasons, or under different states of the weather. But the peculiar and impressive feature of the Rhine, seems to me to be this—its comparative *identity of character* at all times. I do not mean to say that it undergoes no changes as to fulness or emptiness; no changes of colour, no changes of surface-motion, according to the calm or the breeze; but what I mean to say is, that the Rhine, as seen on the border of the Rhenish provinces, is subject, comparatively speaking, to so little variation, that you may see

it year after year, and at many a contrasted season, and yet recognise no alteration in its face. I can give my own testimony. Whenever I have seen it here, it has appeared to me just the same as it did this night—full to its borders, yet without overflowing—swift in its current, yet with its surface scarcely more disturbed than some peaceful lake—exhibiting no track of violence or devastation, even amounting to a shoal thrown up, or the smallest portion of its banks thrown down—and peaceably bearing on its bosom the long bridge of boats, which spans so trustfully its waters, bearing the throngs which traverse it day and night, within a few feet of the deep and mighty stream.

Immediately opposite Cologne, and at the end of the wooden bridge, stands the small town of Deutz. The most conspicuous buildings are three large and handsome hotels, which are at this moment brilliantly lighted up, and reflect a deep illumination on the stream. In a garden attached to one of these hotels a numerous band is playing, and the music is floating across the water in rich and mellowed tones.

I had not been long gazing on this scene, when I heard to my left a light splashing of the

water, and looking round, I saw one of the long, light, graceful steam-boats, approaching, and pouring forth, as it moved along, a track of brilliant light, dancing and playing on the stream. The effect was very beautiful.

CHAPTER III.

GERMAN STUDENTS—DUELS—FOREIGN COSTUME—FOREIGN TASTE —THE RHINE REVISITED—LIFE LOST—NIGHT PASSAGE.

Thursday, July 8th.—At six o'clock this morning I embarked in the steamboat, which reaches Mayence in the course of the day. The chief peculiarity among the passengers assembled, was to be seen in the dress and visages of several German students, who formed part of the company. Some of them wore red caps, others white hats—and there was every possible variety, both in the colour and shape of their general habiliments. The peculiarities observable in their countenances were these: every one, old enough to have any beard or moustache at all, wore it; and one-third, at least, of the number, had certain lines of sharp healed cuts across forehead, cheek, or chin; showing the result of those foolish and sangui-

nary duels, which form a regular and systematic pursuit in some among the German universities. An Englishman, who had been himself a student at Heidelberg, had on a former occasion given me that information on the subject which enabled me to recognise on the faces before me that precise mark which the weapon in use would inflict. He described that weapon to me as a sharp, light-cutting sword, chiefly swayed by the motion of the wrist. So far as I could understand, from the experience of my informant, such was the love of fighting these duels, and such the pertinacity in upholding the system, that meetings were periodically held, at which large bodies of the students attended, with the very intention of giving and receiving challenges; and although, on their entrance, no one had any peculiar cause for a quarrel with another individually, yet before their close numerous combats or duels were in prospect. The young men belonged to different parties, bodies, or corps—perhaps of seventy or eighty in each—and after exciting music, some one would exclaim, as a challenge to one of a contrary faction, "I would not take wine with such or such a one!" giving the name of that individual to whom he

alluded. A challenge and a duel were the consequence; and one combat after another would thus, and for such a cause only, be arranged ere the meeting was concluded.

This, indeed, is fighting for nothing! and in a civilized nation, seldom have I heard of any proceedings more habitually sanguinary. Certainly, death does not *often* ensue from these wicked and unmeaning combats, but maiming and serious injuries are the frequent consequence; neither is death itself an unknown thing as the result. During the short period of my stay on the Continent during this year, viz. one month, I read in one of the foreign journals the account of a young man found by the police dying in his bed, from the injuries inflicted in one of these university duels.

To give a specimen of the extraordinary costumes worn by foreigners when upon their travels: There was on the deck to-day a sedate man of middle age, apparelled in the following manner:—he had on his head a flexible green hat, shaped like that in favour among our railroad labourers, and ornamented with tassels; his spectacles were green; his moustache was of immense length; he wore a short coat of dark purple;

a capacious leather tobacco-bag was attached to his side, and a long tobacco-pipe was hanging at his mouth during the greatest part of the day. He came on the deck at Bonn, and perhaps he was a professor in that or some other of the German universities. A degree of singularity in appearance, which would set a crowd of Englishmen, of any rank, staring, perhaps laughing, and making personal remarks, has among foreigners no such effect whatsoever. At all events, much to their credit, they strictly avoid any exhibitions likely to annoy any individual whatever; and if any allusion is made to dress, conveyance, or any circumstances connected with the mode in which choice, fancy, or necessity, leads any person to travel, they, with much delicacy, are ever ready to admit, or even to suggest, some appropriate reason. With them there is no Procrustean bed for application, in such matters, to each and to all.

Well acquainted as I am with the Rhine, I very much enjoyed my course of this day, and was not at all disposed to sympathize with some present, who seemed inclined to disparage its beauties, and to treat it as some faithless friend might act towards the companion of his earlier

days, after having seen the world, and formed new social connexions.

The Rhine is now so well known and frequented, that to speak of *having been up the Rhine*, is almost like a person telling of an expedition up Regent-street or to Brighton; and some whose circuit of travel has been somewhat extensive will scarcely render any honour to its banks. But this seems somewhat ignoble and unfair. The Rhine is still the same as when their eyes first gazed on its glory and its beauty. Our taste may become blunted and palled; our memory may become crowded; repetition of visit may cause *our* enjoyment and *our* interest to wane, as we, time after time, move on its broad stream, or tread its fair brink; but, I repeat, the Rhine is still the same. Each year it is seen for the first time by fresh pilgrims. Each year, from all parts of the civilized world, fresh admirers come to gaze on its "exulting and abounding waters;" while all the circumjacent features of the castle and rock, of the walled village, or widely-spreading city, of vineyard, corn-field, and grove, doubtless form a scene, numbered of old, and to be numbered still, among the fairest of the earth.

Peacefully and gaily we accomplished our journey to Mayence. The sun shone upon us brightly. A gentle breeze met us refreshingly. All on board were friendly, social, and cheerful. But safe and smooth as all things would appear to be in such a course as this—far off as grievous accident and death might now seem, it is not always so. It was only last year that some near relations of my own were making the same expedition, and ascending this very river by one of these same boats, which now so gaily pass us, one after another. Then all at once the cry was heard, "A lady overboard!" and the body of a young foreign girl was seen in an instant far behind the boat, and borne away by the current. Nothing could be done for her rescue, and she perished in the waters. I understood from an informant to-day, that she had slipped through one of the small open spaces between the rails on the deck; from another, that a cross-rail, on which she had been leaning, had suddenly given way. She, thus snatched from life, was a girl of sixteen, going home from school in company with her governess and a younger brother! Quite appalling was the agony which the former displayed.

As far as Mayence I had journeyed in company with my friend and brother in the ministry, to whom I alluded at the beginning of these pages. Henceforward our line of travel led in different directions, and here we accordingly parted. His powerful mind, his Scriptural clearness on spiritual things, his conversational eloquence, and the life and humour of his true Irish character, rendered him a fellow-traveller in whose society any one able to appreciate such qualities must have found delight. I need not hesitate to say how much I enjoyed it, and more so, no doubt, receiving it on my way, which otherwise would have been thus far solitary, just as a gift from Him, who provides us with the converse and companionships of each day and hour, as He provides us with the same even for the pilgrimage of life.

Not wishing to make any needless delay whatsoever in this part of my journey, and having arrived at a part of the Rhine where its features become of a more ordinary character, I took advantage of a fine steamboat, named after our Queen, the *Victoria*, which left Mayence at ten this night for Manheim. The evening, though warm in its temperature, had become dark, black,

and gloomy, and a thunder-storm had commenced when I entered the vessel. The scene presented a singular contrast to that offered by the gay and crowded deck on which I had passed the day, amidst brightness, and sunshine, and the stir of travelling society. I could perceive neither captain, nor sailor, nor any one else on the deck, when I stepped upon it a few minutes before setting off. On descending to the cabin, I found a large and handsome apartment, fitted up with dark mahogany tables and furniture, and with one shaded lamp dimly burning in the middle of the room. Not one single passenger was there. Only two or three subsequently arrived. I passed an hour on deck, watching the lightning as it played on the stream and on the surrounding scenes, and illuminated with its broad and frequent sheets the darkness of the night; then laid myself down on a bench in the cabin, and awoke much refreshed just as we reached Manheim on another lovely morning—more fair, if possible, than that of yesterday, from the clearing and purifying of the air effected by the storm of the preceding night.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY DAWN—BLACK FOREST—THE CROPS—ENGLISH TRAVELLERS —A QUERY—A RECOGNITION—GERMAN DILIGENCE—DRIVE TO BASLE—SCHOOL HOLIDAY—FRENCH RAILROAD—THREE KINGS —FOREIGN HOTELS: THEIR ARRANGEMENTS—THE MAGI—MOONLIGHT—RAPIDITY OF TRAVEL.

Friday, July 9th.—Shortly after my reaching Manheim the train was setting out for Basle—at least, for a place called Schliengen, within one stage of Basle. This line, running through the Duchy of Baden, connects the Rhine with Switzerland, and is one of the utmost value to travellers. Before starting—the hour being six o'clock—I breakfasted in a little garden attached to a coffee-house near the station, and much enjoyed the clear, warm, dry, light, serene, summer air prevailing all around, tempered at the same time with the freshness of the morning dew, which copiously spangled each blade and bough.

The stations on this line are many of them

very attractive in their architecture. Some are very extensive and appropriately ornamented. Others partake of the character of Swiss architecture, from a considerable intermixture of massive carved wood in the construction. At the same time the stone work, employed for all the essential parts, gives that durability which the wooden buildings of Switzerland must lack. There is something peculiarly graceful in the forms of the carved wood, and the colour of the stone used is very pleasing to the eye. As in former times the bright yellow clothing, streaked with red, on the postilions, announced to travellers the entrance into the territory of Baden, so the same gorgeous hues are preserved as the distinguishing colour on the railroad; and the posts, presenting the names of the different stations, are yellow streaked with red.

My journey of this day was through a delightful country. On the left hand, and sufficiently near for accurate observation, it offered a continuous view of wooded and picturesque hills, of which the Black Forest forms no inconsiderable part, and among which lie many beautiful and interesting towns; for instance, Heidelberg, Freyburg, Baden-Baden, &c. At the same time, the

course of the railroad is over a perfect flat, the acclivities above described suddenly ceasing on the borders of a vast plain. This plain was so highly and richly cultivated, and with such a variety of crops, intermingled and chequered one with another, (as if for the very sake of attracting the eye,) that, as we passed smoothly and swiftly on, through wheat, beans, potatoes, clover, oats, maize, tobacco, flax,* &c. &c., mostly planted in long strips, of a ribband-like form, at right angles with the line, I found my eyes continually wavering, as to the point of attraction, between the mountain and the plain, and again and again I thought of the bounty and goodness and ample provision made by God for us, His creatures. There stood the hills, with their woods, their waters, and their shade. Here was the vast plain, teeming with all kinds of fruitfulness. "Oh! that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonderful works that He doeth for the children of men."

* As a hint to our English agriculturists, (if they will condescend to observe such small matters of detail,) I may mention, that dwarf beans, and cabbages, and occasionally peas, trained on sticks, were inserted at any spot where there was an unoccupied space, however small, from the failure at that point in the regular crop.

One universal testimony prevailed as to the exceeding promise of the harvest of the present year for crops of every description. Not one is considered to be otherwise than in the most promising state; and I understand that no blight whatsoever has as yet appeared in the potato.

The travellers this year from England are as yet but few, in comparison with the number met with at this season in ordinary years. This was the concurrent observation at hotels, in steamboats, and on railways. The reasons generally assigned were the three following:—the forthcoming elections in England, for which so many were waiting: the apprehension of disturbances in Switzerland; and the lack of money, of "viaticum" for travelling, caused by the distress of last year, affecting so many, more or less, in our land.

We stopped to dine at Offenburg, where an excellent dinner was provided during the twenty minutes for which the train stopped. The very instant I walked in at the door of the apartment where our meal was served, the obliging attendant addressed me in very good English. It is a very curious thing, for which I never have

yet been able to account, that whatever may be our dress, whatever our complexion, whatever our expression of countenance at the moment, and whatever our engagement or company may be, we, being Englishmen, are immediately recognised to be such. I have often heard travellers ask foreigners how the recognition was made, and their answer has always shown that they never had any doubt on the matter from the first view of our countrymen. Nevertheless, much as I have travelled, the matter still remains to me an unsolved thing. The table-d'hôte dinner at Offenburg is served by the former landlord of the excellent inn at Offenburg, who used to be so much valued and praised by all English travellers in this locality.

I had in the morning but little expectation of the pleasure which awaited me on reaching the station near to Heidelberg. I was sitting alone in my compartment of the train, and with no definite prospect of meeting any friend or companion of travel, when all at once I heard a well-known voice call out to others who were following, "Here is room;" and looking out, I saw at the door my valued friend, the

Rev. J. Ball, of Reading, accompanied by no less than three young men of his party. I need not say how cordially we greeted one another; and if it should seem to savour of a little vanity when I say that the gratification shown by my friend on discovering the writer in a corner of the Baden railroad carriage was quite cheering to experience, I can only say that I should be unwilling to admit that mine was inferior on thus seeing him. I was immediately introduced to his friends, all young Oxonians, and within a few minutes it was arranged that I should join their party for some days to come, and take share in their pedestrian proceedings, of which I shall by and by give a little detail. One of these young men had taken a first class, and was about to enter into the ministry. Another was recently elected a fellow of E—— College. The whole party seemed highly calculated to ensure all the mutual benefits which fellow-travellers promote in regard to one another, and I felt no slight satisfaction in being thus taken into their number.

At Schliengen, about fifteen miles from Basle, the railroad at present ceases, but I believe that it will ere long be completed to that town. A

diligence, of the old monstrous form and weight,* conveyed me to Basle at the most tardy pace. I had the middle place in the "coupé." On one side of me was an old gentleman, who seemed to me to have travelled in every country in Europe, and he certainly was an extraordinary linguist. It seemed perfectly the same to him whether to speak in French, English, German, or Italian; and perhaps he would have developed more languages had calls occurred. On the other side of me was the *conducteur*, or German guard, whose attention seemed equally divided between his cigars, of which he smoked no inconsiderable number during our course, and the drag machine, so often managed in Germany from this part of the carriage. He did not allow the slightest weight to rest upon the horses for a moment in descending the hills.

The drive to Basle was through a pleasing country. Cherry-trees formed the chief foliage around—this year thickly covered with bunches

* It appears to me that the old shape and weight, appropriate for the bad roads of former times, has been, from habit, most unwisely retained, now that the roads on the Continent have become almost universally good.

and clusters of fruit, soon to be changed into a favourite spirituous liquor of this country. Around the stems of the trees large bunches of sharp thorns were tied, at about eight feet from the ground, in order to deter pilferers. On the tower of a church I saw a large stork's nest, with the parent birds standing by it. These were the first I had seen on my journey. As we were stopping at an inn on the way, an enormous iron-covered trunk of merchandise fell from the top of the diligence, through the breaking of a strap, close to my foot, making an absolute dent in the gravel where it came down. I should not have had much pedestrian travelling for some time to come, had the ponderous article dropped a few inches onward and lighted on me; neither could I help looking up to the poor inn, as the place where I might have had a sojourn of uncertain duration, had I not been mercifully preserved from harm on the occasion. It is well to be reminded, as we so often are in journeys, of the watchfulness and special protection exercised for us by our heavenly Father concerning our weak and brittle frames. That is an impressive passage in Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, which strings together the slight causes

and the unexpected things which can produce and have produced even death.

During the long and tedious delay which we made at an inn in this short journey—as if the post-boy and guard were disposed to make up, with true German tardiness, for the speed with which we had been travelling during the whole day, and to do all in their power towards adjusting the balance of time before we reached Basle—we heard all at once the voice of many children in full and joyous song. Presently the sound approached nearer, and soon appeared three waggons, or *char-à-bancs*, with thirty or forty children in each, all singing in admirable time, waving flags, and looking happy, as school-children on an holiday are in all countries of the world. The sight was very pleasant. They were the children of the poor, who had been kindly taken out for a little festive excursion.

We soon descended into Basle, through suburbs in which there were some very agreeable residences, giving every token of wealth and taste, as belonging to their occupants. We then crossed the deep and widely-flowing Rhine by a wooden bridge of considerable magnitude, which in the evening forms a promenade for the

inhabitants of the town, and is much crowded by pedestrians. The curve of the opposite bank, with the old and picturesque houses of the town, (dotting and crowning it with its hanging wood,) and the Cathedral on high on the left, is very striking and attractive. On the right the chief object is the well-known and palace-like hotel of the "Three Kings," to which I immediately went, on being released from the Diligence, which was so tardy in progress that I scarcely think I should have been much behind it, had I come from Schliengen on foot. As the line is soon to reach Basle, I do not mention the other way of reaching that town from Manheim, because more speedy than the way which I pursued; but rather to enable those who wish to see Strasburg Cathedral, to accomplish that object. This may be done very feasibly by proceeding on the Baden railroad to Kehl, on the Prussian side of the Rhine. Diligences take the passengers from thence into Strasburg, a distance of about three miles. The Cathedral may then be seen, and, as it is generally considered that there is not much besides to detain the traveller in the town, one may immediately proceed to the station of the railroad leading from Strasburg to Basle, on the French

or Alsatian side of the river. As I shall probably return by this way, I reserve farther observation on it for a future opportunity.

The "Three Kings" at Basle is one of those establishments on the Continent maintained on the grand route of travellers, to which I am indisposed to give any name inferior to that of *palaces*—so large, splendid, and attractive is their outward appearance and internal arrangement. There are four or five of the same description in Switzerland; for instance, the hotel of the "Three Crowns" at Vevay, and several at the German watering-places. They offer a page in the book of social life at the present day, and I therefore mention a few details in their appearance and character, as well as in the reception and entertainment of the guests who resort to them.

As to *size*, they usually present a front of immense length. According to my paces the balcony of the "Three Kings," fronting the suite of apartments, and hanging absolutely *over* the deep stream of the Rhine, so that anything dropped would fall from thence perpendicularly into it, was 150 feet. Their *position* is often magnificent; so chosen as to combine every possible attraction of foreground and distant scenery. There is

one, for instance, opposite the falls of Schaffhausen; the Hôtel de l'Europe at Manheim; Hôtel Royal at Cologne, and those at Basle on the banks of the Rhine; also those at Lucerne and Vevay, on the borders of the two lakes on whose bank they stand.

Their *internal arrangements* are of vast size, and adapted for the reception of a multitude of guests, being able to entertain from one to three hundred occupants, and often receiving above one hundred in the evening, who depart in the morning. In order to accommodate and attract these guests, there is usually, in the largest hotels, which I am now describing, a long saloon, having the very best view attainable from its windows, with a long table down the middle, set ready for dinner, supper, tea, coffee, or any other sort of refreshment; while, at the sides and in the corners of the room, there are additional small tables for those who prefer comparative privacy, or have a party of their own. Besides this vast apartment, there is frequently at one end of it a breakfast and tea-room, to which, if preferred as more quiet, the visitor may resort; and at the other end a reading-room, furnished with papers, in which the valued and valuable "Galig-

nani's Messenger"—that real traveller's friend—is very seldom wanting, and in which there is sometimes a small collection of books.

At these establishments every thing is conducted in the most complete and satisfactory manner. A porter is usually at the door, or in a small box adjoining, ready to give every information and aid to the traveller, while frequently the landlord of the hotel takes the superintendance of all that is going on, and comes to his guest on every occasion or inquiry in which he may prove useful. It is well known that, in Switzerland especially, persons of considerable wealth and position in the country embark their capital and employ their energies in the conduct of these hotels; and I have been myself at one whose owner at the time occupied one of the highest political situations which the country afforded.

I shall conclude this general sketch of these grand receptacles in which the traveller finds himself, (sometimes at the end of fatiguing journeys, and after two or three days of very different accommodation,) most delightfully placed, by adding, for the satisfaction of the inexperienced, that the traveller need not apprehend

finding all this sumptuousness put down to his account in the bill. The charges in these establishments are in general perfectly fair, and scarcely larger than those met with at the most ordinary inns of the country. Coming into one of them late, taking tea, a bed, and breakfast in the morning, I have often found my bill amount to no more than five or six shillings, in which sum a charge for servants was included.

I understood that the name of the "Three Kings," as the sign of this hotel at Basle, was taken from the history of the Wise Men, or, as it is in Greek, the Μάγοι, who "came from the East to Jerusalem," at the birth of Jesus, to worship Him "who was born King of the Jews." The idea that there were certain kings who thus came to do honour to the "King of kings," has been traditionally prevalent, although without any Scriptural foundation whatever. High aloft, in front of the hotel, are three carved and gorgeously ornamented figures, of full human size, representing these kings, all with dark countenances, though of different shades, from that of copper colour to the jet black of the negro.*

* They hold in their hands representations of the various gifts specified in Scripture as offered to the infant Saviour—the "gold,

I lingered long this evening on the balcony of which I have above spoken. The Rhine here is wide, and at the same time very rapid and boisterous, compared with its mien and course at Cologne, as described in a former page. It has not here by any means lost its character as a mountain-stream, though it is not too violent for boats to traverse it, or for men to swim upon its waters. This evening two bold and vigorous swimmers descended in mid-stream from the bridge, passed the hotel, and went down so far as to render me unable to trace their progress any longer.

The moon shone this night on the waters, hour

frankincense, and myrrh;" the *gold* (according to Irenæus, Origen, and a multitude of other expositors of Scripture,) denoting Christ's kingly power; the *incense*, His right of being worshipped as God; and the *myrrh*, in reference to His death and sufferings as man.

With reference to the solemn thoughts suggested by the last-mentioned gift, I will just observe that the *myrrh*, as forming a chief ingredient in the sedative, or numbing potion given by the Romans to those about to undergo the torture of a painful execution under their laws, was typically so connected with these bitter sufferings, as to render it a highly appropriate emblem of that which our blessed Lord was in due season to undergo for our sakes. The preciousness of *gold*, and the *almost* very general employment of *incense* in the public worship of the various nations of the earth, facilitate the application of the meaning of the other two gifts offered by the Wise Men.

after hour, with a sparkling and quivering agitation, which had a brilliant effect, but to my mind not so attractive, as when that peaceful orb, lit up by the hand of God to rule the quiet night, meets a more calm surface from whence to reflect its beams. The river is here 1,300 English feet wide.

My friends and companions, whom I had met in the morning, arrived late at night, having made the *détour* to Strasburg. Arrangements were immediately formed for proceeding in the morning by the lovely Val de Montier, to Neufchatel, Yverdun, and Lausanne.

My journey from London to this place had been extremely rapid, indeed, as fast as the post; and I was now in Switzerland on the fourth day from my leaving England. I mention this, not at all as approving of feats of rapidity in travelling, but just to inform those (and their number is large, in these active and occupied days) whose time is limited, and who may yet wish to make some *Swiss* or other distant expedition their object, that if they are of ordinary health and strength, they can be in Switzerland, through the power of steam, with this great rapidity. I was not in the least fatigued by the journey.

CHAPTER V.

VAL DE MONTIER—OUR PARTY—PEDESTRIANISM—THE SCENERY —WILD BIRD—EVENING.

Saturday, July 10.—I had, on a former occasion, proceeded on my way to Lausanne by the Val de Montier, and the Lakes of Bienne and Yverdun, but so vivid was my recollection of the beauties and interest of the journey, that I was quite gratified to hear that my friends intended to take that line, and made my preparations for accompanying them by reducing my habiliments this morning to the small stock which I could myself carry, while I forwarded my portmanteau to Lausanne, where I expected to be on the next Monday evening. My companions were all provided with knapsacks, having before them a

pedestrian tour of far more extended length than that which I was going to pursue. However, according to their plan of accomplishing a part of their journey, especially where the road was flat, by carriages, a vehicle was taken as far as Lauffen, and we all set out in high spirits for our expedition; enjoying ourselves, I really believe, to a degree which those only experience who know what it is to work hard while in their usual avocations of life. In fact, though two among the party were far removed from anything like school-boy days, and the rest were full-grown men, we were all very much like school-boys in our enjoyment of this true holiday, in one of the most fair and attractive localities which God, in His manifold goodness, has formed, and peopled with mankind.

The journey to Lauffen is called four hours and a quarter; and here, premising that I shall frequently have to mention distances by hours, in consequence of that being the universal method of recording and measuring them in Switzerland, I shall mention that an hour, numerically speaking, stands for the distance which a man is considered likely to perform, on the average, within the period of an hour. This distance is considered about three miles on the flat, and less in ascending

mountain steeps. I may however add, that an ordinary English pedestrian will usually find that he has accomplished, without any hurry, more than an hour's measurement of space (according to the guide-books, and computation of the country) within the allotted time.

At Lauffen, four hours and a half from Basle, (*i. e.* thirteen miles and a half of road measurement) we descended from the carriage, and commenced our practice of pedestrian independence, by starting at once on our way, without even visiting an inn. The continent was quite new to the three juniors of the party. My friend from Reading, whom I have mentioned above, is an experienced traveller, especially in those pedestrian and mountain excursions, which he frequently takes at this season of the year. He arranges his journeys with that systematic attention and practical good sense, which he exhibits in matters of greater moment; *me ipso teste*, as his fellow-labourer in the same town, and having those frequent causes of intercourse and communication which personal friendship and ministerial union are calculated to produce.

As many others, his former companions, have done before, so I acknowledge myself quite

indebted to him for many hints, and much useful information as to pedestrian travelling. Many things, which previous to experience would seem to be trifles, are by no means to be regarded as such on these journeys; and health, gratification, and improvement, much depend on a judicious arrangement of proceedings as to hours, dress worn or carried, and other matters; each, perhaps, seemingly insignificant, but any one of which might, in case of ignorance or a mistake, very seriously interfere with long and laborious exertion, even if productive of no worse consequences. I will only mention one instance of the value of experience in such expeditions. The very kind of shoe or boot which a person would be very likely to wear the whole year round in England, might, in a long, steep, stony Alpine descent, so injure the traveller, as to lay him up for an indefinite period.

The introductory passage in Murray's Hand-Book, descriptive of the route which we are now pursuing, thus briefly but appropriately describes it:—"The valley of the Birs, commonly called the Val Montiers, (*Munster Thal*, in Germ.) through which this excellent road passes, is the most interesting and romantic in the whole vale

of the Jura. It consists of a series of narrow and rocky defiles, alternating with open basins, covered with black forests above and verdant meadows below, enlivened by villages, mills, and forges. A road was originally carried through the Val Montiers by the Romans, to keep up the communication between Aventicum, the Helvetian capital, and Augst, their great fortified outpost on the Rhine."

Through these new and most engaging scenes we were now walking in clear sunny weather. The extreme variety of objects, and the rapidly changing character of the views presented by each succeeding turn in the road, made it exactly the sort of country to suit the pedestrian. Before we had gone many miles from Basle the local features around us began to indicate that approach or introduction to a mountainous locality which is so readily observed by an experienced eye; for although as yet there were wide-sweeping meadows in view, and corn-fields, and woods on no steeper acclivities than those of flatter countries, still the valleys were becoming gradually narrower, and rocks began to peep out aloft, here and there, amidst the green foliage, towards the horizon, and the streams became

more rapid and sparkling, and rolled over beds covered with stones, evidently rounded in some rapid descent. And soon the heights began to close in upon us, and each defile assumed darker hues, and bounded us more nearly with its precipitous sides. On emerging from these passes, small plains of verdure opened out before us, gleaming in the sunshine, richly cultivated, enlivened here and there by farm-houses and small clusters of dwellings, and surrounded on all sides by circular enclosures of hill and wood, scarcely exhibiting the narrow rent in the mountains whence we had come forth, and still less presenting any point of visible exit on the opposite side, whither the road was leading us. Such were the features of our way. We dined at a little road-side inn, called the "Croix Blanche," and set out again at six o'clock to walk to Montiers, where we were to pass the night. As we advanced the scenes became more bold, more peculiar, and more akin to those which a mountainous country affords. Some of the passes were exquisitely attractive, others dark, gloomy, and wild; and all of them were short, which perhaps added to their very striking effect. At one spot, where the precipitous rock rose above

our heads for many hundred yards of steep and gigantic wall, one of my companions suddenly exclaimed, "Look at that immense bird!" and soon we saw the monstrous creature lighted on a small ledge of rock far above our heads. No noise of ours, no throwing of stones, no crowd of villagers assembled below on our pointing it out, disturbed it in the least. One of the villagers brought a gun with him, but the bird was far out of shot, and nothing but a rifle could possibly have reached it. The people said it was not an eagle, but a "duc,"—a bird equally large. A boy, spreading out his arms, exclaimed, "*C'est grand, grand comme moi.*" We left the bird, looking down with contempt on all the assembled party, and, proceeding on our way, reached Montiers, our resting-place for the night, at half-past nine, the light only just beginning to fail us. We were soon established in a comfortable inn, the "Couronne," where the obliging landlady provided us with ample refreshment, bringing us what they call in these countries, "*suppléments*," or new supplies of coffee, bread, butter, honey, &c.; and soon we retired to bed, with thankfulness expressed by all to the Giver of all good for our prosperous course

of the day, and our vivid enjoyment of the scenes which we had been permitted thus to traverse with health, strength, and much social interchange of appropriate feeling and companionship on our way.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SABBATH ABROAD—CHURCH SERVICE—POPERY—THE CONTRAST—PROTESTANT WORSHIP—OXFORD TO ROME, ETC.—OUR TIMES—AN EXTRACT—STRANGE DELUSION—CHURCH AT MOUTIERS—THE SERMON—SWISS PASTOR—EDUCATION—STATE OF SWITZERLAND—RELIGION—SWISS CHILDREN—CHURCH SERVICE.

Sunday, July 11th.—A new and peculiar value for the ordinance of the Sabbath is felt and realized by many a Christian traveller abroad; and although some of the English, who from habit would act very differently at home, commit grievous breaches of Divine Law on this matter when on the Continent, still, I am well aware that I speak for many, when I say that God's blessed and holy day of rest is kept by them when abroad, not less strictly, not less with a sense of its privileges, and not less with an experience of its needfulness, than when amidst their own daily and customary avocations. The very

fact of our being amid new and exciting scenes, is, in itself, a distraction, and it is well to have the mind steadily and compulsorily directed to Divine things, and away from the ordinary things of life, just after that manner which the Sabbath is adapted to effect by Him who gave it. And I have no hesitation in saying, that the more we assimilate our course of worship on the Lord's day abroad to that which we pursue at home, the more we make circumstances yield to it, and the less we allow it to yield to circumstances, as it were, by that dangerous rule,—the *μολύβδινος κανών*, of which Aristotle tells,—the more profit shall we derive, and the more we shall enjoy the day. I know few things more calculated to impress the mind with fresh estimation for the services of the Church of England than their use abroad, even in a place where there is no public worship habitually maintained; and happy is that hour when a Clergyman or Christian layman, whosoever he may be, calls together the little body of his countrymen sojourning at one place on the Lord's Day, or even his own party, howsoever small it may be—the two or the three—and repeats the services of our Prayer-Book, and adds a hymn, that the note of praise

may not be silent; and omits not the sermon,* in order that the great ordinance of preaching, so far as circumstances admit, may be duly honoured and maintained. I repeat it, happy is that hour; and many can testify of such seasons that God was there "with them of a truth," in comfort, light, and love.

We were, as yet, on Protestant ground, in the Canton of Berne, which we had entered shortly after leaving Basle. In a country like Switzerland, where one is continually interchanging one's position from a Romish to a Protestant locality, I have constantly felt a kind of depression in communities under the Romish yoke, from the thought of the spiritual ignorance and misery in which they are kept, and a kind of liberty of spirit and enjoyment of thought regarding the people around when aware that they were of the Protestant Church. Oh that this were felt even far more keenly both by myself and by all my countrymen! But why limit the aspiration to them? Would that it were felt more keenly by all whom the "truth, as it is in Jesus,"

* A volume of sound, scriptural, evangelical sermons should undoubtedly accompany every party of travellers from England, among whom there is no clergyman to minister and preach.

has made free, and who hold Popery in that reprobation which it so well deserves! The very thought of the Bible being an unknown and unread book among our fellow-creatures whom we meet, and in the thousands of dwellings which we pass while on our journeys, ought to awaken many a lamentation, many a prayer, and much sustained exertion; while the thought of God's revealed Word being freely open to all around should fill us with joy and thanksgiving. Yes! these feelings must and will pass within thoughtful and Spirit-taught Christians; and I only pen here a very feeble transcript of that which doubtless thrills the inward spirit of many and many a servant of God as he journeys through this land—this Switzerland—where, for His own wise and appointed purposes, God has suffered two antagonistic forms of religion—one true and one false—to be, as it were, geographically chequered, so that they who pass on may, time after time, "look on this picture and on that,"—may see in one hour the contrast of the two, as presented even by the very frame and features of the inhabitants—yes, by the very look of all visible things, whereon man's character works and stamps itself in each respective compartment of the land.

I said that we were now in Protestant Berne. Accordingly we attended in the morning at the church of the town. How pleasing was its simplicity! what a contrast to the gorgeousness so dear to the Romish Church! *There* we meet, on all sides, appeals to the senses, and every measure calculated to impress the mere natural feelings which ingenuity can devise or cost can execute, is there brought into constant action on the worshippers. But here there was nothing to appeal in a manner like this—nothing to delude poor unwary and ignorant men into the notion that, *because* they admire grand architectural proportion, feel excited by harmonious music, are impressed with the gloom of a "dim religious light," and find a gratification in the brilliant and imposing ceremonies of Rome, they are, in reality, brought one step nearer to God, or partake, in the most minute degree, of true vital religion. Surely these are terrible delusions. God will not give His glory to pomp, to the "sound of all manner of instruments," to images, or any scheme of man's hands or device, as if efficient to produce, or forward, or keep up that good thing, which nothing but His Word and His Spirit can either

first originate or subsequently maintain. For my part, I do not believe that any single individual, either in the Church of Rome, or in the Church of England, or in any other denomination, who attaches an undue value to ceremonial show, or who feels it needful as a help to devotion or a supply for some experienced *want*, as yet knows with power what the Lord means in the length and breadth of those words: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."*

I employ above the word *want*, with the special sense given to it by those writers who describe and give importance to the sickly feelings of Englishmen and English-women, brought up in Protestant principles, but unsatisfied with them, longing for something else, and turning to Rome for relief. There is much on this subject in a most unsatisfactory and mystifying volume, lately published under the title, "From Oxford to Rome, &c., by a Fellow-Traveller," of which the object seems to be this —to dignify Popish principles under the semblance of their being Church-of-England prin-

* John iv. 23.

ciples, and so to induce those who certainly should quit the Church of England, to continue in it, and do the work of Popery within its pale. I cannot conceive anything more baneful in its tendency than such a view as this, rejoicing, as I do, in the departure for Rome of any individual whose aim appears to be that of un-Protestantizing our Church, while himself remaining *in* our Church. Neither will I admit that this is, in the least, uncharitable even to the individual, because I consider that, in the sight of God, his personal condition, spiritually speaking, is equally endangered in either case, while the effect of his name, character, and work, is far more prejudicial to our land and to our Church than could be the case after Popery had been *openly* embraced, besides being inwardly cherished and maintained.

I regret to see that the "Quarterly Review" has spoken of this publication in terms which may lead many to peruse it with increased interest. One of the strangest things in it is the kind of hero-worship—almost idolatry, with which the chief author and originator of so much mischief and imminent present peril to the Church is therein spoken of. This shows the *animus* of

the book in a very remarkable degree. I might quote many passages in proof, but will only introduce one, which would have appeared to me grievously objectionable in its tone and application to *any man;* and, if so, used with a strange, blinded, and most baneful inconsistency, when brought forward in a volume seemingly issued to prevent people from doing that which the individual in question most undoubtedly has led numbers to do!

"There are times, too, alas! of intense trial; times such as that Sabbath in the end of the autumn of '45, whose record is burnt into many a heart, when He,* a Prince in the camp, was missed from the congregation of his Israel. That Sabbath day who that felt will forget, ere the leaves of the Tree of Life shall have healed the agonies of time. *The news* had spread everywhere: friends and scoffers knew alike the fact. To Oxford he would be no more a son; to Oriel he would be no more a praise; to St. Mary's he would be no more as the morning in its beauty; to Littlemore he would be no more a father. The deeper hearts of the sons and daughters of the Church of England were heavy with grief

* Exactly thus in the original before me.

and thought that day. A Great Light was dark; to many, we believe, it was as if the Lamp of the Sanctuary had gone out. *Such* days these are; such are enacted over again, in lesser measure, in many recurring instances. The shepherd is smitten, and the sheep are scattered. It seems as if the Mother, the Church, had forsaken her children; as if God had abandoned his people."*

I have copied every word and letter, as it appears in the original, and only can say, that if these sentences struck me as grievously objectionable when I first read them, they strike me so still more as I now copy them. However, they only bring to a kind of climax, or point, the truth of those observations which I have often made, from the beginning and first outblow of Tractarianism, viz., that nothing except "strong delusion" could possibly account for the wonder, and admiration, and interest, which its originators and abettors have met with. Nobody so clever, amiable, holy, learned, self-denying, argumentative, able, and, in a word, excellent as they, in all imaginable respects! Such was a common current of remark concerning them, *in its degree* totally unfounded, but not the less mischievous;

* From Oxford to Rome, p. 240.

for, in combating their errors, it was often needful to dissipate the personal and individual idolatry with which they were so strangely regarded as leaders, and to bring them on a level with other men, ere a way could be made, in those who "wondered after them," for any hearty conviction and recognition of the evils attending their course—of the unscriptural character of their doctrines, and of their sure tendencies in that direction whither they have led so many, and whither so many of them—"blind leaders of the blind"—have now gone themselves,—I need not add, to Rome. Happy are they who, by God's grace, saw the threatened mischief, even at the beginning, and who, on looking back, have not to reproach themselves for one word, or one act, done to favour this grand spiritual pest of our day!

The congregation at Moutiers was engaged, as we entered, in singing a hymn. All due propriety of demeanour was manifest in the church. The service was in French. The clergyman, occupying a pulpit like one in our own land, was attired in a black gown, black stock, and bands. His prayer was from a printed form, which I remember to have been the usual course in

French Protestant worship. The sermon was from the 35th verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew: "A good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth evil things,"—A sound, scriptural, and spiritual discourse. It certainly appeared to me that a still more broad, clear, and bold statement of the leading doctrines of the gospel would have been edifying and desirable; but there was nothing to cause my friends or myself to suppose that these truths were not known to, or experienced by, the preacher, or to suggest the idea that they were not frequently and fully proclaimed. Prayer, the repetition of the Creed, and the Benediction, followed; and the service was then concluded, having occupied about an hour and a half.

We all left the church together. As we were walking through the town, the clergyman whom we had just heard came up to us, giving us a friendly salute. We immediately returned his courtesy, and joined him on his way, expressing our interest in the service, and our sense of brotherhood, as Protestant Christians, with him and his flock. He seemed pleased, and expressed

his warm approbation of the conduct which he saw pursued by many English travellers on the Sunday, and of the example which they set on this matter, stating that his church was very frequently attended by our countrymen, who, like ourselves, rested at Moutiers on the Sabbath-day. We walked on a little farther, continuing our conversation with him, till he stopped, and said, "Here is my house," pointing to a handsome and substantial residence, quite in the country, with a good garden, apparently a farm attached, and a noble view of wood and mountain in front. We then took off our hats, according to the Continental custom, and were wishing him good morning, but he invited us in, and we accepted the offer. In answer to our inquiry, he informed us that this was not the vicarage, but his own property, and that the house was just built. We sat down in the drawing-room, and had some interesting conversation with him. When it was asked of him, whether there were many in the neighbourhood, and among his flock, who showed their reception of the Gospel of Christ, and apparently realized the grand truths of Scripture regarding sin, the Saviour, and holiness as the fruit of faith, he said, "Yes, a

certain number:" making that answer which, in all probability, would have been the answer of most clergymen, acquainted with the gospel themselves, and publishing it faithfully among their own congregations. Happy are those pastors, in any land, who have good reason to believe that the number is proportionably large! He added, "Ah! c'est la vraie orthodoxie." He also told us that his church was well attended; as, indeed, we had seen to be the case to-day.

Regarding education, on which we made a few inquiries, he told us that it was very generally diffused in this part of Switzerland. In the canton of Berne, where we now were, it was compulsory on parents to send their children to school; every one could read and write, and the current education of the poor was carried much farther than this. Besides religious knowledge, the history of the country, drawing, and (as he expressed it) "quelque instruction physique" was given in the schools.

If the parents refuse or neglect to send their children, they are condemned to pay a fine of four or five francs; and if they are unable to pay the sum imposed, they are compelled to give time

and labour equivalent to that value on the public works.

The contrast to all this, as exhibited in England, was stated to him by one of our party; and it was observed, that, so far as our opinion went, the English people at large would not submit to any such regulations. He seemed to think this particularly strange, the government of our country being monarchical, and that of his own, in which this was enacted and practised, republican—observing that *à priori* it might have been supposed that the introduction of such compulsory education would have been more difficult in a country where republican feelings and institutions prevailed than in one circumstanced like England. He was perfectly right in his theory; but I believe that we were right in our views of the question as a practical matter in connexion with the English mind and with the feelings of the people at large.

All the information which we received from this intelligent and obliging pastor, was put for us in a very clear, condensed, and useful shape, just suited to inquirers like ourselves.

From something which passed during our intercourse, we found that he was himself shortly

to be engaged in the public examination of a school twenty miles off, so that we may suppose he was one duly calculated and qualified to afford us accurate accounts on all matters connected with education.

Before quitting the house we put a question considered of some personal importance by many travellers* at the present moment, whose intention it is to spend any time in Switzerland, in addition to its being one with which not only the peace and happiness of the country is connected, but perhaps the peace of Europe. We asked whether there was any apprehension of immediate disturbances. In answer to which he said that the present was certainly a very critical moment; that the Diet was now sitting, and in the course of a fortnight or so would have to pronounce its final decision on the two questions—if they could be called two, so much were they intertwined—of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland, and of the dissolution of the Sonderbund, or

* Already, during the few days which I have passed on the Continent, I have frequently heard that the state of political disquietude in Switzerland is considered as a cause why there are fewer travellers than usual this year, proceeding to that country. There are, however, other causes also, of which I shall, perhaps, speak at a future opportunity.

league of the Roman Catholic cantons among themselves, independent of the grand Confederation of the cantons at large. We should, naturally, on entering the confines of the country have pursued this subject at further length, as it is one of extreme interest at the present moment, had we considered it altogether appropriate to the day. As it was, we just asked the question, and having received this answer, concluded our visit, and departed much gratified at the friendly, simple, and Christian courtesy, with which we had been received.

We regretted that there were no other services this day at the Protestant Church besides that at which we were present in the morning. However, we understood that there was a cause for the fact being so to-day, and that habitually there was a second service. The day seemed not unduly kept, though the people evidently wanted something to engage them; and I could not help lamenting that they were lacking, even for one Lord's-day, those abundant means of grace, which are so often enjoyed in our own favoured land. At the same time it were better to have one hour of faithful and scriptural ministration, such as we had witnessed, provided for the people

in the day, than to have the puerile ceremonies and unscriptural worship (such as Popery presents) going on all day and night. A *little* bread will feed and nourish better than a heap of unwholesome aliment. On a little pulse "Daniel grew fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."* I do not say this as justifying in the least degree any scantiness in supplying the true means of grace, but merely to remind some, that heaping rite upon rite, and ceremony upon ceremony, and service upon service, as in the Romish Church, is no test of its merit whatsoever, or of its utility. The service, as well as the wisdom, sanctioned from above, is, and must be, first *pure*.

Some of the party gathered together a few little children who were standing about the door of the inn, heard them read a few verses in the Testament, and asked them some questions on the passage; they read well, and gave, by their answers, every appearance of being carefully instructed in the truths of the Christian religion.

In the afternoon we met together for the evening service of our church, and one of the two

* Daniel i. 15.

clergymen present read a sermon to the rest of the party.

I have nothing further to mention of this day, except that I found it one of much peaceful and tranquil enjoyment. We retired to bed at nine, having made arrangements for setting off again on our journey at five o'clock the next morning.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR HOTEL—MORNING—LOVELY SCENES—CONVERSATION—COMPANIONSHIP—SCENES AROUND—A CALAMITY—HEAT—ALPINE VIEW—GEOLOGY—LAKES IN VIEW—THEIR COURSE—NAVIGATION—A FIRE—FIRE ENGINE—POLITICS—NEUFCHATEL—MANUFACTURES.

Monday, July 12.—I can strongly recommend to my countrymen the inn which we quitted to-day; and a good resting-place on this road is of considerable importance: not to mention the hopes that these pages may encourage some to pursue this lovely course on foot, as, under favourable circumstances of health and companionship, the most pleasant and cheering mode of all travelling, inns are here of more consequence, as there are no post-horses kept on the line. The "Couronne" is one of those hotels, which, like so many abroad, are of ordinary appearance outside, and present unattractive passages and entrances, but where the apartments are excellent.

Our bedrooms here were spacious, and not only comfortably, but handsomely furnished. The beds (of the French form, and not those monstrous square pieces of furniture, literally sometimes occupying three-fourths of a bachelor's room in one of our English inns,) were hung with muslin of the purest white. My room had a very comfortable sofa, a convenient writing-table in the middle, covered with figured cloth, a large mirror over the dressing-table, and Venetian blinds outside the windows to exclude heat. Taste also was exhibited in the choice of the paper, and in all the minor decorations. And all this in a house, which seemed outside of the plainest and most ordinary character.

Shortly after five o'clock we were all upon our way. The morning was fresh and lovely beyond description. The sun, just rising at the end of the long line of valley which we were pursuing, looked straight and gladly at us with its tempered yet glorious beams. It seemed to shine upon us horizontally—and, apparently, from a point in the distance almost on the same level with our steps. The birds were singing joyously along the mountain-side. We soon reached one of the successive series of dark and deep fissures which

this road frequently and suddenly enters from each open plain or bason, such as that which we were just quitting—I say, *suddenly*, not *gradually*, as in most mountainous regions; for in this consists one of the leading distinctions and attractive features of this locality in general. We pursued our way through this valley, cleft, fissure, or defile, and very fine was the effect to our eyes as we rapidly skirted the jutting corners of the rock-bound pass. According to the aspect of those heights which met us one after another, we saw them bright, flashing, and bathed in the rays of the morning "spread upon the mountains," or lying in that gloom, which the dark crag, and seamed water-course, and melancholy pine, and the shadow of the last night, as yet unremoved and unscared by the light of the coming sun, would naturally produce.

Nor was it nature alone by which I was gratified during this morning's walk; for well I remember the pleasant conversation which I enjoyed with one on the way, not only gifted with those intellectual attainments which had just gained for him the honours of a first class at Oxford, but also endued with far better things—even with that grace and "unfeigned faith,"

which once dwelt in his grandfather, and dwells still in his estimable relatives. God had preserved him from the errors prevailing at the University in his day, and though at the seat and fountain-head of the most baneful errors prevailing in our land since the blessed Reformation, he had, by God's mercy, escaped. Strange that the time should have come when this could be a *distinction!* But such, alas! is the fact.

We walked and conversed together for mile after mile. If the writer may speak here of himself, it would be as of one who had not altogether forgotten the beloved and attractive studies of his early days; and sometimes he could freshly respond to some classical allusion, intermixed with higher and holier talk—even concerning those divine things which had been the engagement of one, as Christ's Minister, for no short period, and which were soon to be the livelong and illustrious engagement of the other, God graciously permitting it. Many a day had passed since one of the two could give himself up unreservedly to any other pursuits than those of that high vocation in which God had placed him—even the vocation of the Christian Ministry, to which all other studies and all other pursuits must yield, if we would

obey the solemn dictates of God's Word, and fulfil our Ordination vow. Year after year he had been employed in the cure of souls—in public and private intercourse with his living fellow-creatures on their everlasting interests. In a word, his lot had been cast in a large and populous town, and though his *study* was not abandoned, still, had it been too dear, this, in his circumstances, would have been nothing less than a plain dereliction of far higher claims. This he had long felt, and on this principle he had long acted. Nevertheless the converse of the two did not lack harmonious adaptation; and if the elder could learn from the younger (as he did) something of that which close recent study and classic lore could contribute, all ready and at command, the younger listened not without interest to him, who mingled his own more vague reminiscences of such things with thoughts on their application to practice, and on their close relationship to that ministerial service of the Lord, which had been to the one, and which was to be to the other, the appointed business and high privilege of life.

The way to Tavannes, where we were to make our first halt, led us through some very peculiar

and delightful scenery. At one part we went on threading a succession of exquisite little villages, scattered along the meadows of a verdant plain on each side of the road, and formed of dwellings, in which the dark timber of the sides, and the gay red of the roofs, harmonized most aptly with the light foliage of fruit-trees interspersed among them, and with the dark pines by which they were backed on the bordering steep. The pasture, though not luxuriant, had that combined softness and richness, as well as a brightness in its hue, which I have never seen in perfection except in the proximity of mountainous regions, as the Alps or Pyrenees; and delicious little streams were bubbling and sparkling on all sides; and the ground swelled and fell in beautiful knolls and mounds. Altogether the morning's walk was exceedingly varied and inspiriting. Though we had to accomplish eleven miles before breakfast, none complained of fatigue, and, pedestrians though we were, the course had appeared but short, when we saw before us the hill and its crowning church, behind which was Tavannes, our resting-place.

Here we stopped at a small inn, called "La Croix Blanche." A sad catastrophe had happened to the other hotel, which had been of a superior

character. It was consumed by fire last year, while full of travellers, and, being of wood, (like so many other buildings of this country, even though of considerable size,) it burnt like a torch, and no less than six travellers lost their lives by the dreadful conflagration. I understood that four were French, one an Englishman, and the other a Swiss superintendant of public works. Two of them died of the injuries received at the house where we stopped. The hotel thus destroyed, and called the "Couronne," was now in progress of rebuilding on the old site, but of stone instead of wood. It is on a large scale, and occupies a very conspicuous position in the village.

After breakfast we set out again, although the sun was somewhat hotter than desirable for mid-day pedestrianism. Tavannes is situated just on the confines of another grand defile, into which the entrance is formed by a kind of gate, or rather arch in the rock, called the "Pierre pertruis." It is a very striking and singular object, forty feet high, and ten or twelve thick, having all the appearance of being a natural opening, although it is considered probable that man's hand may have been partially employed upon it. Its top and

sides are quite rugged, and it forms altogether an admirable subject for the pencil of the artist.

The heat of the sun, as we ascended the hill leading from the plain through this arch into the defile, caused me gladly to anticipate a cooler and more shaded locality than that in which we had been journeying at the earlier period of the day. But after entering the valley, we found that its width was such, as to produce very little advantage of this kind. Trees offered an occasional, but not a frequent or continued shade, and small passing clouds did the same. I pursued a plan, which I found very beneficial, viz. that of stopping under the trees, when the sun was shining in its full, hot blaze, and taking advantage of each passing and overshadowing cloud to proceed quickly onwards, while its shadow lasted. It is not often that these two means of coolness and relief would be thus combined, but so it was today—and had the clouds been a little more numerous and a little larger in size, nothing would have been wanting to the success of the measure. I think it was rather too oppressive for judicious progress at this hour, and that it would have been better to have taken a carriage, according to the system which I had heard recommended by one

who, from his experience, well deserved to be styled our leader, viz. that of walking in the morning and the afternoon, but making the intermediate journey, in hot weather, and in high-roads, on wheels. I merely mention this as a hint for other travellers.

After passing Sonceboz, about two miles onward, we pursued the road which turns at right angles to the left, through scenery wanting that variety which we had so long enjoyed, but not without the grandeur of imposing wood and height, our way lying through a valley bounded by steep hills on each side. At one part the light breeze, which met and refreshed us, was richly scented by the wild heliotrope, which grew tall and luxuriant in the hedges skirting the road.

During the last few miles of our course, and on our approach to Bienne, the scene became once again truly magnificent. The steeps became steeper, the masses of wood more massive still. We were aware that at the termination of the long ascent which we were now making, we should, in all probability, have our first view (though a distant one) of the great Alpine chain of the Oberland, and eagerly we pressed forward.

However, on reaching the summit, there was such a dimness and indistinctness in the atmosphere, arising from the settled heat, which had now continued for some days, that little could be seen, except a hazy line denoting where the mountains were. But the view beneath our feet, and spread before our eyes over no narrow circuit, united in it all to charm except the wonders of snowy pinnacle and peak. As foreground on the right, there were vast hanging woods. Steep slopes leading down to Bienne were in front, bounded by a ridge or spur of the mountain. On the left a vast cultivated tract offered its golden harvest to our sight. Farther on, in front of us, the lakes of Bienne and Neufchatel were partially revealed, and gleamed brightly in the sunshine. Mountains too, in that direction, filled the distant horizon. We now descended speedily into Bienne, took some refreshment, and concluded our walk of the day (which had been, as that of yesterday, above twenty miles) by entering the steamboat which was just setting out for the town of Neufchatel, situated on the lake of that name.

Scattered over this, and the neighbourhood, are immense boulders, or fragments of rock, of a substance and formation totally dissimilar to any

thing found in the immediate neighbourhood. The subject is one which has given intense difficulty to geologists. Some have considered that these results must have ensued from the operation of glaciers now no more in existence. The extreme difficulty of the subject, as in so many others, warrants investigation on all sides, and ought to prevent such theories, howsoever improbable, from being either despised or disregarded.

Brockedon says of this neighbourhood, that the "enormous blocks of granite scattered over the mountains appear to have been torn from the Bernese Alps, and transported into their present position during some remote convulsions of our globe, to which, hitherto, science has afforded little satisfactory elucidation."

The lakes of Bienne and Neufchatel receive, so far as I have observed, very little commendation from the traveller. The fact is, that they will by no means bear comparison with those lakes which may be counted among the gems of Switzerland, such as Wallenstadt, Lucerne, or Geneva, especially at its northern end: but if regarded in another light, if enjoyed on their own account, irrespectively of any mental parallel, which

must, of course, lead to their depreciation, then they will undoubtedly bear no mean part among the minor attractions of Switzerland. In saying this, I speak from personal experience, for this was the third time that I had either traversed the waters of these lakes, or skirted their border. Each time I thoroughly enjoyed the whole surrounding scenery, of which I shall now give a brief description.

The lake of Bienne is considerably smaller than that of Neufchatel, the latter being the third in size among all the lakes of Switzerland, and only inferior to those of Constance and Geneva. The lakes of Bienne and Neufchatel are connected by a navigable river, called the Thiele, and thus they form a most valuable water-road for travellers going from Basle to Geneva, stretching, as they do, in a long line from N.E. to S.W. During this whole extent, the western side of the lakes is bound by hills, and slopes of considerable acclivity, very beautiful in their forms, and chiefly covered by vines, from whence is made the celebrated wine called "Neufchatel." On the opposite side of the lakes the country is more equable in surface, and well cultivated and inhabited. On the lake of Bienne is the island

of St. Pierre, commemorated in the writings of Rousseau for its beauty—which, according to universal consent, he very much exaggerates—and also interesting to his admirers, (of whom I trust the number is daily diminishing,) as having been the residence of that unprincipled and irreligious man.

The river Thiele winds its way through a succession of meadows and marshy land, between banks which, though not very steep, rise sufficiently high to make the steamboat which navigates the stream appear from the highroad as if traversing, in some strange way, the very land itself—the water not being visible at all at this distance, in consequence of the flatness of the intervening land. At one place the boat passes under the arch of a rude antiquated bridge.

Many picturesque old towns and villages appear on the left side, advancing, on various jutting promontories, into the waters of the lake. They offer admirable subjects for the pencil.

At the point of land where the river opens into the lake of Neufchatel, a building of very large size is in progress of erection. This is to be an hospital for lunatics, and is built at the expense

of a wealthy and benevolent inhabitant of Neufchatel, who has made (as I heard) a large fortune in the Brazils. From hence to Neufchatel is but a short distance.

Our excursion amid the scenes which I have thus lightly sketched, was cheered by the most agreeable weather. The clouds were a little threatening, but did us no detriment—only refreshing us by two or three very light showers, and adding a new variety to the colours of an atmosphere, which had been, although very fine, somewhat monotonous in hue for several days past. The distant, snow-capped mountains now came out upon our view with a little more distinctness of form. Before we reached Neufchatel, the breeze had freshened; and in less than a quarter of an hour, there was no little agitation on the surface, though it had previously been reposing in a completely dead calm. We were to sleep at that town, where there is an excellent hotel, conspicuous from the water, and entitled "Hôtel des Alpes."

Between nine and ten o'clock at night, while a large party of guests was busily engaged at supper in the *salon*, we heard a waiter exclaim from the balcony, "Il y a une incendie!" and

on looking out we saw that there was a fire of considerable magnitude on the other side of the lake. A large crowd was gathering on the shore, and on going out, we saw a considerable excitement on the little quay by which vessels approach the town, and in which the steamboat lies which is employed for navigating the lake. We found that a crowd of people were engaged in preparing a barge for carrying over a fire-engine, and the steamboat as a tug. The fire-engine was soon brought down, rolled on board, and in the course of a quarter of an hour after we came out, the steamboat was crossing the lake to afford its aid, as circumstances might admit. I observed several persons, in military costume, busily engaged in superintending the proceedings. The fire continued to burn for nearly two hours, and I understood in the morning that it had destroyed one of the chief houses of a village opposite,—the habitation of the Syndic. The night was very calm, and the clear, lofty, unvarying blaze, ascending up straight towards the sky, gave me very much the idea of such a conflagration as one might expect in the instance of a large dwelling-house, built entirely of wood.

The political position in which Neufchatel is placed, is peculiar, and worth attention. Though called a "Canton," it is not a Swiss republic at all, but forms part of the dominions of Prussia, to which it was attached under circumstances which I briefly relate from Beattie's "Switzerland," without going farther back in the history of the Canton, which would occupy too much space. In 1707, Mary, Duchess of Nemours, died without heirs, "and left a host of pretenders to the sovereignty, all of whom preferred titles to consanguinity, more or less valid, but all remote. Among these, the King of Prussia and Louis XIV. were rival candidates; but the latter being too well known and feared, and the former, as a Protestant sovereign, whose states lay at a distance, seeming to augur well for the moderation of his future government, the balance was decided in his favour, and the claims and solicitations of the French king cautiously evaded.

"In 1806, Buonaparte, then Emperor of France, as a recompense for the military services of his companion in arms, Alexander Berthier, named him Prince of Neufchatel. It is only since the important changes of 1814, that the country was restored to the dominion of Prussia,

and in the year following became annexed to the Confederation."*

The town and neighbourhood appear to me to be at present in a prosperous condition. There must be no inconsiderable difference of opinion between those to whom democratic and monarchical institutions are respectively acceptable; but I should imagine that in the present troublous and excited state of the Cantons of Switzerland, many in this place must rejoice at the singular circumstances in which they, as a Canton, are placed.

Mr. Latrobe has written an interesting volume, chiefly on the local features and social characteristics of Neufchatel. He speaks from the advantageous position of one who had taken up his abode for a lengthened period in the town. I confess that the locality has for me no inconsiderable attractions, and I am much mistaken if a short sojourn in this place—where, without enough to disturb and distract, there is amply enough to observe and enjoy—would not prove most agreeable.

The ground rises boldly, loftily, and abruptly *immediately* above the town, so that those who love to clamber among mountains, hanging

* Vol. ii. p. 67.

orchards, and woods, on the inclination of the moment, can here fully gratify their taste. Every step of the ascent discloses magnificent scenes, including that of the grand chain of the Bernese Alps in the distance. The lake, which washes the town, is of such a vast size and so much exposed to the winds, that it offers every variety of surface, and forms a beautiful object at all times of the day or night. There are pleasant shaded avenues and walks in the town, and the public institutions are well conducted, and would give useful subjects of practical investigation. It is specially stated in "Murray's Handbook," that the "charitable institutions of this town, for which it is indebted to its own citizens, are on a very splendid scale." Watch-making is the chief mechanical engagement of the neighbouring population. In this they are highly skilful and successful. Locle and Chaux de Fonds are the chief seats of this manufacture, which is not carried on in large establishments, but in the separate dwellings of the artizans, both in the town and the country. The former system of work is, of course, usual enough in all countries, but the latter is in daily progress of diminution—a fact, on the whole, which I think much to be regretted.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORNING WALK—ALPINE CHAIN—BEAUTIFUL DRIVE—YVERDUN—LAUSANNE—VEVAY.

Tuesday, July 13*th.*—Having heard on the previous evening that a very grand Alpine view was attainable from Chaumont, a lofty point behind Neufchatel, I rose at four this morning, and, in company with one of our party, made this ascent after about an hour and a half of laborious walking. It is one of those scenes in which, from the distance of the objects forming the inducement to make the excursion, very clear weather is essential to a full enjoyment of the scene. I could not say that this was our lot, as the haze, which had more or less been floating about, morning, noon, and night, still interfered with the beauty and distinctness of the long Alpine chain, stretching far, right and

left, before us. Still, however, we could see each separate mountain very plainly, and it was something even to *see* once more the Schreckhorn and the Wetterhorn, the Jungfrau, the Eiger, and the Monch. An inn is erected at the lofty point of view, where, in a most healthy and most invigorating atmosphere, and under the roof of a superior and obliging landlord, any one disposed to remain for a few days and to study the various appearances of the grand Alpine chain, might find very satisfactory quarters. My companion and I partook of a hasty breakfast on the grass-plat in front of the house, and then rapidly descended, in hopes of being in time for the boat to Yverdun, or rather without any doubt on the matter, from the assurance of our guide that we had ample time.

He was not, however, to be trusted; for, whether intentionally or unintentionally, he caused us to be late. As we were approaching Neufchatel we wished to quicken our pace, in consideration of the hour to which our watches pointed, but our guide said, "Oh! the first bell has not rung, or we should have heard it well where we are." However, just after he had thus spoken, and as we reached the confines of the

town, we saw the boat steaming quietly off, and in it, as may be supposed, were our three friends, who had naturally expected, up to the last moment, that we should be on board.

Under these circumstances we endeavoured to fulfil the excellent advice of an Irishman to his countryman under some excitement similar to that which sometimes falls to the lot of travellers in all countries. "Take it asy, my boy; and if ye can't take it asy, take it as asy as ye can." Our only course was to reach Yverdun by land, and on inquiry we found that a diligence would set out for that place at eight o'clock. We engaged seats in the open *coupé*, and very much enjoyed the drive, which brought us through delicious scenes, traversed once before by me in the midst of the vintage, and now traversed again with not less admiration, as we pursued our way along the vine-covered slopes, which bend downwards to the lake with almost equable fall of the ground, mile after mile in succession. The leaves of the vine look this year as rich, fresh, and untainted by blight or discolouring, as it is possible to conceive; and it is the universal expectation that the vintage will prove of extraordinarily fine quality. In some

parts men were cutting the well-ripened corn. The bright blue lake expanded itself on our left during our whole journey, while in the distance rose lofty snow-covered heights.

I occupied the middle seat in the *coupé*, and at my left sat the *conducteur*. He was smoking for about three of the four hours which our course occupied. It is a happy circumstance for an English traveller not to be affected by an odour particularly offensive to some, but of almost unavoidable recurrence to all who travel by any public conveyance abroad, whether on land or on water. On this occasion the wind blew the fumes exactly in my direction, and it is not the first time that I have been similarly circumstanced.

At Yverdun we joined the rest of our party, to whom our temporary separation had happily caused no inconvenience whatever, as they, in fact, would under any circumstances have waited for the diligence by which we arrived. The journey from thence to Lausanne was totally devoid of interest, and rendered somewhat disagreeable by immense clouds of dust necessitating sundry copious washings before we were ready for the large assemblage of guests gathered together at the table-d'hôte in the well-known

Hôtel Gibbon at Lausanne. At one end of the room hangs a picture displaying the notoriously ugly features of the man who here composed that remarkable work which every Christian must condemn, and yet which no reading man would like to be ignorant of. It is a remarkable fact, that the historical defenders of our faith have found few books of reference more useful for various objects, towards the illustration of their statements and sentiments, than that very work, written, it is thought by many, with the very purpose and aim of opposing and impugning Christianity.

In the evening we proceeded in a carriage to Vevay, where we passed the night at the magnificent hotel, erected within the last few years, and called "Les Trois Couronnes." The establishment is arranged on the most admirable plan, and presents remarkable attractions both within and without. The saloons and reading-rooms open directly on a garden filled with choice plants, and fitted up with pleasant seats. This garden is bounded by a low wall, up to which flows the Lake of Geneva. Looking over this wall, you see at a few feet below you nice little boats of all shapes and sizes. The view

both up and down the lake is charming, and a ridge of snow-streaked mountains rises up with its grand barrier in front. It is equally impossible to exaggerate the loveliness of the scene, or the palace-like accommodations and embellishments of the hotel where I am now writing. The visitors' book proves the universality of this opinion. I see that during the thirteen days of this month which have already elapsed, there are not less than 153 names inscribed; and it must be remembered that this year travellers from England have as yet arrived in very small numbers.

CHAPTER IX.

LAKE OF GENEVA — CLARENS — CHURCH-YARD—CHILLON—THE CASTLE—HISTORY—DUNGEONS—ANTIQUITIES—THE PRISON—HISTORY—WALK ONWARD—A CONTRAST—BEATTIE'S TESTIMONY THE THEBAN LEGION—MARTYRDOM—RUINS OF NATURE—GRAND WATERFALL—ITS FEATURES—SWISS CARRIAGE—MARTIGNY—PERILOUS SITE—MY HOTEL—ENGLISH PARTY—SEVERE ACCIDENT.

Wednesday, July 14th.—Our whole party set off this morning to walk up to Villeneuve, at the head of the lake. The scenery which we traversed on our way far surpassed my expectation, and is of the most fascinating character in every point of view, whether for bold distances, or for rich and lovely foregrounds. On the left are steep slopes, covered with hanging woods, pasturages, vines, and luxuriant crops of all kinds, including Indian corn or maize, throwing about its large leaves in every direction from stems of seven or eight feet high, and showing rather a coppice of foliage than the produce of a common field. The vines, too, seemed as if they would not be outdone, and spread on all sides a mass

of leaf, tendril, and foliage, hiding the very ground. Villages, and separate dwellings of the most pleasing character, were here and there scattered along the sides of these slopes. The lake was lying in the bright sunlight close at our left; and on the other side of the waters, just wide enough to preserve their lake-like character, precipitous mountains raised their grey and stony sides, here and there spotted with snow-beds lying in the broad crevices and rents on high.

After passing Clarens, on which Lord Byron has lavished some verses of extreme beauty, as a picture of nature—for I can neither admire nor commend them in any other way—we turned up the hill to enjoy a celebrated view offered from the churchyard of Montreux.* This locality bears such a high reputation for its sheltered position, beauty, salubrity, and general advantages, that, although there is no town here, there are inns and boarding-houses so scattered about, and so without pretension as not in the

* To establish the claims for admiration which this spot presents, I extract a testimony from Murray's Handbook, "The traveller who turns aside from the highroad to the churchyard of Montreux will carry away from that enchanting spot one of the sweetest impressions of his life."

least to mar or deface the rustic and original character of the vicinity. I should imagine that it must be a very delightful place to pass a few quiet days or weeks; and if a person prefers being on the very borders of the lake, there is an hotel of very promising appearance, called, I think, "La Cygne."

On ascending to the churchyard we passed through one of those steep, narrow villages, where each house is on an angle considerably higher than that immediately beneath it; and crossing a bridge, (opposite to which is a most picturesque cascade, overhung by a vast tangled mass of foliage, and backed by precipitous slopes of wood behind it,) we arrived at the churchyard. Here, at one corner, a little portion is fenced off by dwarf trees, surrounding a few stone seats, offering a place well calculated for rest and enjoyment of the scenery, not to say for such meditation as the locality is well adapted to encourage. Here we reposed for some time under the cooling shade, and enjoyed much friendly conversation—I, for one, not a little regretting that this was to be my last day in such valued company, though thankful for that measure of it which, in the kind providence

of God, had been so unexpectedly granted to me on my way.

I would recommend any traveller, whose leisure admits, to visit this lovely spot. Nor yet had we known the full advantages derived from making this deviation from the highway beneath. But as we quitted the churchyard, and advanced on our way towards Chillon, along the path which traverses the hill-side, we not only enjoyed the shade of lofty trees, and pleasant foregrounds of orchards and meadows around, but every now and then natural peeps and openings of the branches let in delightful little pictures along the borders of the lake. Among these at one moment was the Castle of Chillon itself, exquisitely framed by branches and foliage, forming a vista of the most singularly beautiful description. At another moment we caught a sight, in a similar way, of the little three-treed island—the only island in the lake—so skilfully and sweetly introduced in Lord Byron's poem of the "Prisoner of Chillon."

It was not long before we arrived at the Castle of Chillon. Few buildings on the continent are better known to the eye even of untravelled Englishmen; and, in fact, few buildings are more adapted for representation by the pencil of the

artist. The outlines are very peculiar and very defined ; while, although the castle has the advantage of lovely and grand scenery close to it, still, from standing as it does, on a little promontory, just far enough out for distinctness of position, without being far enough to incur any stiff formality of line, as a connexion with the shore, it centres the eye and attention altogether on itself.

The highroad runs close behind the castle, leaving a small strip or corner of meadow, and a small quantity of trees and foliage in the immediate vicinity of the building. A covered wooded bridge leads off the road into its interior :* *Liberté et Patrie* is inscribed over the gate. As we entered, we thought and spoke of the men of the Reformation,—our brethren in Christ of a former day, " of whom the world was not worthy,"—going in for the first time over this

* The Castle of Chillon is situated in the Canton of Vaud. The next canton to it, in the direction which I was pursuing, is the Canton of Vallais. It seems extraordinary that it should be requisite to warn my readers in our day, of confounding the people of the Canton of Vaud, on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, with the Vaudois, or Waldenses of Piedmont ; but the necessity of so doing is proved by the remarkable fact, that those two well-known authors, Villemaine and Victor Hugo, have both confounded the Vaudois of Piedmont with the inhabitants of the Canton of Vaud in Switzerland!

very bridge and through these portals into their place of captivity for unknown periods, and in many instances for torture and the most cruel deaths. What a contrast to our circumstances this day, when we, of the same faith, and who, God enabling us, would, we trust, be ready to go in and suffer for the same cause, were traversing these courts in full liberty, enjoyment, and in the free privilege of speaking, and acting, and living, unthreatened and unharmed, in the principles and practice of our most holy faith of the Gospel. Oh, how thankful we should be at all times for our many exemptions, as well as for the many direct gifts of God! How thankful should we be, for instance, in England, for our freedom from persecution, as well as for the plenteous supply of all means of grace! And how we should pray and exert ourselves that these exemptions, as well as these gifts may be extended and communicated in all quarters of God's earth!

The Castle of Chillon was built by one of the Dukes of Savoy, and retains many of the features so generally attached to feudal castles and fortresses, as places where justice was executed or capricious tyranny indulged, according to the

temper of the ruling powers of each successive period. This edifice, however, seems to have been peculiarly formed for the detention and punishment of prisoners. The Hall of Justice has still in it the pillar, with the wheel at the top, by which the sufferer was hoisted up for the infliction of those horribly diversified cruelties in which men at various times have delighted, and by which they have vainly thought either to diminish crime, or to subdue the mind and spirit of their adversaries or victims. Among these cruelties, if we may judge from the burned and charred appearance of the pillar at a certain point near the floor, that of scorching the feet seems to have been one.

The "*oubliettes*" too, or the subterranean dungeons, into which prisoners were thrown, as the last consummation of the misery inflicted upon them, are still very perfect; and though not so appalling to the sight and imagination as many which I have seen in the castles of France,—for instance, at Loches near Tours, —only tell their own tale too clearly and too horribly.

These dungeons are two in number, one beneath the other, sunk from a small apartment, in

which there is still the niche, or semicircular recess, where there was once an image of the Virgin, as the last object presented to the prisoner's view ere he was let down into his living tomb. Immediately below the floor of this apartment was a cell, in which it was believed, on very credible evidence, that the prisoners were starved; and below that another, in which it is believed, on grounds equally tenable, that the sufferer was cast down on sharp knives, so arranged as to receive and transfix his body on its fall into this hideous receptacle of human creatures with like flesh and blood as their torturers.

Among the other observable things at Chillon, are the old chapel, in sufficient preservation to show its former character, also the bed-room of the Dukes of Savoy, with its passage of escape, and some of the paint still remaining on the walls, (the red roof being all decorated with fleurs-de-lis and silver crosses,) and a curious old *prie-Dieu* chair (said to have been episcopally used) in the grand reception-room.

The main interest of the place is, of course, centred in the line of prison vaults beneath the castle, and about on a line with the level of the

lake. They are very extensive, and succeed one another, like a suite of apartments. There is first an entrance-room—secondly, a guard-room —thirdly, a small cell, in which is a stone on which it is believed that executions took place— fourthly, an apartment crossed by a beam, on which death by hanging was inflicted, and opposite to which beam is a niche, once containing an image of the Virgin, for the dying and priest-deluded sufferer to gaze on in his last agonies. Fifthly, one enters into the large vaulted prison supported by pillars, and supposed by its marks and construction to have been divided into cells.

Into this prison the sun shone brightly as we traversed it this day. The truth will not allow me to say that, *for* a prison of the middle ages, and *in comparison* with the average of such places of incarceration, it is of a gloomy character. The size and the absence of extreme darkness precludes it from being numbered among the more hideous and horrible class of such places of confinement. The back part is hewn out of the natural rock, and left in its rough state. The iron rings to which prisoners were attached remain on three out of the seven pillars. On one

of these Lord Byron has cut his name in small plain letters on the stone.

The whole range of apartments, including that last described, and the four others leading to it, is, according to my measurement, about ninety yards.

Independent of the beautiful and renowned poem which has led such multitudes to view these precincts, the Castle of Chillon is amply worthy of attention and leisurely investigation; while, both considered in a political and religious view, its history is of a very arresting and impressive character. It was for many years the scene of severe contest between the feudal absolutism of the Dukes of Savoy and the republican energies of the Swiss: while, under the ancient persecuting regimen of Savoy (still continued in the spirit of the Popish Sardinian government), this very castle was made a place of that inquisition, and torture, and bloodshed, which the champions of the Reformation had to undergo in almost all parts of the world, where this mightiest contest ever waged for true religion, since the establishment of Christianity, went on.

After quitting the Castle of Chillon, we walked on to Ville Neuve, at the head of the lake. We

dined there, and proceeded afterwards in a carriage to Bex, skirting for some time the flat surface of rushy ground and meadows, formed by the deposits of the Rhine, and then pursuing our way between two ridges of magnificent hills, narrowing in by degrees as we advanced. The whole scenery was splendid and most varied in its foregrounds and distances, each turn disclosing some new mountain-peak, with the sun gleaming on the many-formed beds of snow.

At Bex I parted with my friends, in whose company I had passed six most agreeable days. During this time I had first tasted the real and keen enjoyment of a pedestrian excursion in this land; while in their habits, dispositions, and mental attainments, there was every thing to render companionship pleasant, cheering, and instructive.

I went on alone in the carriage to St. Maurice, through scenes of still-increasing beauty and interest, (the Rhine was dashing along wildly, and abundant in its waters,) in full sight from the road, and the steeps on each side closing in until they leave but just a sufficient space for the river and the road at the romantic bridge of St. Maurice, spanning a most extraordinary cleft in

the mountains. On this bridge stands an old and most picturesque gateway, occupied as the custom or guard-house, at the entrance into the Canton of Les Vallais, and here my passport was required and signed.

On one side of this bridge is the Canton de Vaud,—a Protestant Canton,—on the other the Canton Les Vallais,—a Popish Canton. In that territory which I had left, the peasantry were neat in their appearance, and occupied good residences. In that which I had now entered, the peasantry were ragged and dirty, while their houses were of a mean and miserable character. There can be no mistake on this subject. It strikes and must strike every observant traveller within a few minutes after he has crossed the boundary. I do not dwell here at any length on the physical and bodily circumstances of the people, as connected with their religion, because I am well aware that other conditions—such as those of a geographical nature—have much to do with the goître and cretinism, but, nevertheless, I am fully convinced that the form of religion prevalent in Popish lands is not disconnected with this matter also, inasmuch as the general and habitual reading of God's Word, and that

spirit of free, intelligent inquiry which must ensue when the Scriptures are read, has not only a sure tendency to elevate the mind, but to produce order and general propriety, in all the habits and departments of social life,—while the prohibition or discouragement of such scriptural study and intellectual culture has just an opposite tendency, and produces recklessness, disorder, and personal neglect. All admit how much these social conditions have to do with those particular maladies, specially the goître, (the "*tumidum guttur*" of Juvenal,) which here strike the eye with such appalling frequency and severity.

Dr. Beattie, in his well-known work of "Switzerland Illustrated," makes some important statements, corroborative of the views here expressed, as to the condition of the Canton Les Vallais. He says of the inhabitants, that "in the management of their flocks and in the cultivation of their vineyards, they are still, as compared with their neighbours, the Vaudois and Bernese, in a state of barbarism." Again, "They are the slaves of the priests, victims of their own unconquerable indolence, and creatures of little more than a vegetative existence. The Catholic religion is exclusively professed, and

education neglected; and thus ignorance and fanaticism, left without the controlling influence of the one or the enlightening power of the other, are every where apparent, and excite in the observer mingled feelings of disgust and commiseration."*

During this day, we had passed out of the country anciently called that of the Helvetii, and had entered into that of the Veragri, at the head of the Lake of Geneva. Much interesting Roman history might be cited in connexion with this vicinity. I will, however, only introduce one page from its records. This very town of St. Maurice is so called from an event which ought not to be forgotten by any Christian traveller.

When the Roman Emperor, Maximian, was making his expedition into Gaul by the pass of the Pennine Alps (the St. Bernard of modern days), and had arrived at Octodurus (the modern Martigny), with a numerous army, there was a legion among his troops altogether formed of Christians, and called the Theban Legion. Its leader was named Maurice. This legion was quartered at Agaunum (the modern St. Maurice,) when Maximian, like another Nebuchadnezzar,

* Vol. i. p. 40.

ordered the presence of the whole of his army at a sacrifice to the false gods, which the Roman nation at large still worshipped. The Theban Legion refused to commit this act of idolatry. Maximian, irritated by this refusal, ordered that every tenth man of the number should be put to death. To this, that part of the Christian soldiery who were numbered as the martyrs most willingly and even joyfully submitted. Their example inflamed the zeal and holy courage of their comrades. The Emperor repeated the order, but with the same result on the part of the remaining body. The same vengeance was inflicted again, and each tenth man once more was slain at his command. On this, Maurice addressed his commander with these memorable words: "We are here," said he, "to serve thee in war, but we are also the servants of God, even of that God whom we joyfully confess. We have sworn fidelity to God before we took our oath of fidelity to thee, and we should soon fail in our duty to thee, if we failed in our duty towards Him. Behold us now confessing God, without fear—even God our Father, and Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Saviour. Armed as we are, we might save ourselves by resistance,

but we desire not thus to act; for it is better to die innocent than to live guilty." This display of courage only exasperated their cruel and unfeeling commander. These brave confessors of Christ were, for the most part, executed. Some, however, escaped into the valleys and fastnesses of Switzerland, and there preached the gospel. The name of St. Maurice has ever since been nobly and worthily connected with this vicinity and town.

At St. Maurice, I resumed my pedestrian travelling, with the intention of walking on to Martigny, a stage of about ten miles. The weather was pleasant, and the grandeur of the neighbouring scenes amply sufficient to afford me much enjoyment in my walk. At one point of the road, I traversed one of those vast collections of gravel, mud, and rock, which sometimes you encounter in the Swiss valleys, evidently brought from a distance, forming a new layer of soil over that which before had existed, and oftentimes giving evident proof that a fruitful scene had here been turned into barrenness and desolation. These *débris,* or confused and mingled substances of mountainous soil and productions, flowed down in a slow but over-

whelming mass, from one of the neighbouring heights. The cause is supposed to have been the partial bursting of a glacier, and the consequent descent of soil, gravel, stone, and rock, into the valley beneath, as I have described above.

I remarked nothing worthy of particular observation, after passing these strange and desolate *ruins* of nature, (if such a thought or expression is admissible, when we know that their present state is only for a season, and that if the world lasts long enough, life and verdure,* in due season, will spring up even here,) until I came in sight of the celebrated waterfall of the Sallenche, rushing obliquely, with an immense volume of water, out of a narrow cleft in the mountain-side, and making, in its fall, a beautiful leap forward far into the air. The peculiar shape and motion of this cascade give it a great variety of picturesque attraction, and whether you look

* How curiously this is exemplified on that apparently most barren and obdurate substance, the lava from a volcano. Those who have visited Etna, will remember that even this material, which on cooling and hardening after its descent is bare as a piece of coal, and remains in this condition (I believe for centuries), nevertheless does, in process of time, admit vegetation, and by a regular succession of increased and increasing fertility, becomes in the end a scene bearing forest trees, and rich in fruits, and verdant with grass, and waving with corn.

straight up to the point whence it makes its first exit from the ravine, whether you gaze on the waving bend of its full volume shooting forth towards you, or whether you regard it mingling with the foam dashed upwards from the ground where it falls, the object is one of much combined grandeur and loveliness.

Dr. Beattie, in his "Switzerland Illustrated," gives a detailed and high-wrought description of the scene, adding that, "The roar of its waters is peculiarly deep and full, varying according to atmospheric influence, and meeting and accompanying the visitor to a great distance." *

Considering the extreme beauty and excellency of the engravings with which this work is enriched, I think that the representation of this cascade is a comparative failure, and by no means does justice to the singularly magnificent features of this fall.

I was rather late when I arrived at the spot, and the evening was beginning to close in, so that, as Martigny was still at some distance, it appeared likely that I should have to pursue the latter part of my journey as a solitary and benighted traveller. In fact, the valley is here so

* Vol. i. p. 43.

very narrow, and the mountains on each side so very lofty, that the shades of night come on much faster and earlier than in localities of a more ordinary character. Hence I had allowed myself about an hour less time than I ought to have done. Accordingly I was glad to accept the kind offer of an individual who passed by with one of those carriages, which may be called the national vehicles of the Swiss—I mean, the *char-à-banc*, in which you proceed after the fashion of a crab, sideways, in a kind of cabriolet, very completely fitted up, and so suspended on long springy poles as to have a very easy motion. I allude, of course, to those vehicles which are well built and well kept up; for this description may militate very much with the remembrances of some travellers—as indeed it does with my own in some particular instances—and it must be remembered that there are bad and good carriages in every country. The chief advantage of these vehicles is the completeness of shelter, which, by means of the strong leather curtains, can be at any time secured, and the facility of egress at hills, in cases of danger, or at any sudden inclination to pedestrianize. The chief disadvantage is, that, when the head is up, you

only see one side of the scenery through which you travel.

In this vehicle I proceeded very pleasantly till we reached the old covered bridge at the entrance of Martigny, where I descended, and bade my companion good night, adding a little present and many thanks for my drive. I have not any knowledge of his condition in life, but it seemed to be that of a respectable shopkeeper. He gave me a good deal of local information, considering the short time during which we were in company together. Among other things, he pointed out to me the scene of combat which took place within the last few years between the two parties by whose opposition to each other the Canton in which I now am is still seriously agitated and disorganized. To this point I shall probably recur again at some future opportunity.

Martigny is most curiously situated, just at the angle or elbow-joint of the Rhone, where (as may be seen in the map) it makes, under the constraint and compulsion of the neighbouring and jutting steep, a most rapid and abrupt turn in its course. Beyond Martigny (speaking according to my own course) its line is extremely straight for many

miles; and I scarcely remember any road where the eye can carry forward its vision farther than on that which here runs along parallel to the river—in fact, the great Simplon route. As a boundary to the town on the side which I entered it this evening, rushes a furious river, called the Dranse, which descends from the valley of the same name, and is one of the most impetuous and dangerous torrents in the whole world. Martigny itself, no small Alpine village, but a regular and well-built town, uniting ancient and modern advantages in its construction, has been more than once nearly destroyed by the terrific inundations caused by the Dranse. I have seldom seen a town which gives one the idea of more helplessness, as to its position, in case of dangers by flood either from the Dranse or the Rhone, if not from both combined. And although personal danger is not really increased by the circumstance, still the close approach and seeming pressure of the mountains on all sides, their steepness, and the *shut-in* position of the place on the flat of the intermediate valley, gives an idea of peril from inundations which it is not easy to shake off from the imagination, after the perusal of those aqueous horrors, brought before one in all writings and in all conversation

on the peculiar and local character attached to the town and position of Martigny.

I lodged for the night at an hotel of considerable size, which I can strongly recommend—viz. the "Poste." There could not possibly be a more attentive and obliging landlord, and hard as he worked himself, attending to his guests in the saloon until late at night, and rising at earliest dawn to see them off on their mountain excursions (so often commenced here at three, four, or five o'clock) he had that round, healthy, good-humoured face, which some of our countrymen are apt to fancy as the exclusive property of John Bull, and incompatible with that foreign fare which, during the journey, I heard styled by a name no less depreciating than "*a pack of rubbish.*" As an apology due to the foreign *cuisine* for even mentioning this bad name, I beg to insert my decided protest against any such charge or appellation.

Having made my arrangements as to the guide who was to accompany me to Chamonix the next morning, I sat down to supper in the handsome vaulted saloon of the hotel, not far from an English party, of whom I shall have to speak more by and by, as from their society I subse-

quently derived no little gratification. I could not help listening to their conversation; nor will this surprise the reader when I mention what the subject was. They were speaking of a painful and trying accident which had happened to a young Englishman, close to the monastery of St. Bernard, yesterday, while they were there; and my interest in the case was, of course, much increased by discovering that I was well acquainted with the family of the sufferer, whose residence was within a few miles of my father's abode in Hampshire. His mule had fallen on and through the snow at a place where such an accident was most unlikely to happen, and he was now laid up at the monastery with a broken leg. I shall not stop to give further particulars at present, as I hope to see Mr. N— before leaving this vicinity, and some future opportunities will naturally occur for returning to the subject.

Before retiring to bed, in consequence of some faint impression that I recognised previous acquaintances in some of the party of whom I have just spoken, I looked into the travellers' book, and found by the name that I was perfectly correct. They were intimately related to an old and most valued friend of my own, at whose

house I had seen some of the family, though for a very short period of time. As sometimes happens in regard to a clergyman, they recognised me with more accuracy than I recognised them, in consequence of my having been a preacher in a church where they were hearers,—a circumstance which they recalled to my remembrance on the ensuing day.

CHAPTER X.

MORNING WALK—THE FORCLAZ—STEEP ASCENT—SCENE AROUND —VALLEY OF TRIENT—CHALET—THE COL—GLACIERS—MY GUIDE—AVALANCHE—RUINS—PRIESTCRAFT—ROMISH EFFORTS —STATE OF ENGLAND—CHAMONIX—PLAN OF EXPEDITION— ENGLISH PARTY.

Thursday, July 15*th.*—At five o'clock this morning I set out, accompanied by one of the regularly enrolled Martigny guides, to make my first mountain ascent; for hitherto, although I had pursued a considerable part of my journey on foot, I had taken no expedition of that kind of which I was now to make my first essay. The practice of the previous days was essentially valuable, especially as the heat of the weather was such as to render walks, always to a certain degree fatiguing, still more laborious; and the air, although free from any peculiar heaviness, was in need of moisture, ere it could partake of any very refreshing or invigorating character. I had no burden of any kind to bear, as my guide

carried the small waterproof bag in which all that I thought essential for the pedestrian part of my journey was contained. I had left my portmanteau at Lausanne, and I strongly recommend any travellers who may think of adopting the same course as mine to pursue a similar plan. It is impossible to over-rate the advantage of having with you no more than a man can easily carry up and down the mountains; while, at the same time, by having your main stock at Lausanne or Geneva, it can be forwarded on without any considerable delay or expense, should circumstances lead to a more protracted sojourn in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc, or to the extension of your journey in the Piedmontese valleys or the north of Italy.

On leaving Martigny, we pursued our way for above a mile before we commenced the ascent leading to Chamonix. Just before arriving at that point, we passed the turn leading up to the monastery of St. Bernard, and to the celebrated pass of that name. We then proceeded straight up the side of the mountain for nearly three hours; first, through orchards and meadows, and then amidst wood and pasturage, assuming gradually those features produced by the increasing

height of the locality. This ascent is called that of the Forclaz, and it is one which demands laborious and sustained exertion.

On arriving at the Col de Forclaz,— the word *Col* signifying the culminating ridge of a Swiss mountain-pass, — I had to decide whether I would proceed to Chamonix by the Tête Noire, or by the Col de Balme. The paths separate at the chalets of Trient; and this question forms a point needful to be decided by travellers, as the choice of one or other course must be made here. Each has its own peculiar advantages. The common observation is, that the pass of the Tête Noire has greater general beauty and interest, while the pass of the Col de Balme presents one view of Mont Blanc, which is of such surpassing grandeur as to be in itself more than equivalent for the inferior attractions of that line, speaking generally. This being the case, the usual advice given by experienced travellers is, to go by the Tête Noire if the day is not sufficiently fine and clear to promise a very advantageous view of Mont Blanc; but in case the weather is of a favourable character for a grand distant view, to go by the Col de Balme for the sake of the one superb and

arresting spectacle, which meets the traveller's eye on reaching the Col of that name. I lay down on the grass at a very lovely spot, in order to rest and to discuss this point with the guide; but, first of all, took a survey of the splendid scenes around. Lofty peaks rose, piercing the heavens on all sides, with beds of snow glistening white in the sun, wherever the mountain-ridges or crevices gave them space to form themselves. The effect of the light streaming up the valley of Trient was most striking to one just commencing such excursions as mine of this day. That deep valley extended to the right and to the left, losing itself to our eyes in the bends of the mountains on each side. Along this valley ran a sparkling stream, white from the Glaciers du Trient, whence it came, and although in itself no inconsiderable stream, yet from the height from whence I looked down precipitously upon it, it seemed scarcely wider than a riband, or a thread of water glistening in the rays of the sun. Such was the scene delighting my eyes in the distance, while I enjoyed half-an-hour's very acceptable rest on a natural and sloping couch, made up of grass, mossy turf, and small Alpine flowers, thickly and brilliantly

intermingling their fair hues with the carpet of verdure around.

Being now sufficiently rested, I rose from this delightful couch, and encouraged by my guide, who seemed to think that the atmosphere was adequately clear for seeing Mont Blanc in its full glory and grandeur, I adopted the line of progress by the Col de Balme, as did two or three other parties, who also left Martigny this morning. Accordingly, on reaching the Col de Forclaz, we struck off to the left, without going at all to the hamlet or chalets of Trient, which appeared (in the valley deep below our feet), no larger than the little wooden houses exposed for sale in the Swiss shops. This part of the journey was very delightful, leading me along a pine-clad ridge, and offering the enjoyment of a cool and easy descent after a laborious climb of three hours' duration.

Having crossed the deep valley just mentioned, we wound up a steep zigzag path, among rocks and trees for a considerable distance, and then emerged on a long bare ridge of heath, above the height where trees grew. At a chalet which we passed on our way, rich cream was set before us in a red earthen bowl, together with some

hard black bread. Of the cream I partook freely, supposing that what was offered must be frequently partaken of, and that what was frequently partaken of would do no more harm to me than to others. The pasturage here is of a quality remarkably calculated to produce excellent milk and cream, and nothing could be purer and richer than the latter article. In the midst of this mountain air and exercise, it seemed to me no more heavy than a glass of pure water.

After leaving this chalet, a short ascent brought me to the ridge called the Col de Balme, where the celebrated view of Mont Blanc is obtained, or *expected*. My expectations, and that of the other travellers (of whom there were two parties at the little inn on the summit of the pass), were not this day to be gratified; for though the sun was shining, and the air clear immediately around us, still the approach of mid-day had spread a mist, resulting from the dry heat of the last ten days, all around the grand mountain, towards which our anticipations were eagerly directed. Mont Blanc was not entirely hid from us; but the veil was thick enough to interfere with and preclude all distinctness of object in those higher regions,

where stood the pinnacles and peaks in all their unchanged sublimity. Accordingly, after some additional and more customary supplies than cream and black bread towards recruiting the strength after a four-o'clock breakfast, I set off on my descent into the valley of Chamonix. There is not much to afford any vivid or peculiar interest in the earlier part of the way, on those occasions when Mont Blanc is hidden, or imperfectly seen; but the mist lessened, as I proceeded onward, and various grand points of view were gradually disclosed by the opening clouds as I drew near to the end of my journey. The sight of the first glacier gave me very keen interest, for the only glacier which I had previously seen was that of Grindelwald; and beautiful as that is in colour and texture, yet it cannot be at all compared with kindred and similar objects as displayed by Mont Blanc.

Having passed the source of the Arve, which descends the valley of Chamonix, and flows on with furious and discoloured stream until it reaches the Rhone, near Geneva, to sully and stain the lovely blue of that river, I was greatly interested by the appearance of each successive glacier. The first which we passed was that

du Tour, then *d'Argentiaire*, and then the glacier *des Bois*, descending from the Mer de Glace. The glacier *des Bossons* also is in sight, although beyond Chamonix. I never observed any objects which cause so much deception regarding their magnitude as these *glaciers* do. I imagine that this results partly from the vast size of the mountains, with their intermediate valleys and clefts, from which the glaciers descend, and partly from the inability of the eye rightly to compass and apprehend a kind of scene, which it never had witnessed before. My guide told me that it would take half an hour to traverse a small portion of one of these glaciers, which I should have thought might have been traversed in four or five minutes; and ridges of ice, in reality as high as houses, looked as if one could step over them with ease. The guides are quite proud of these glaciers, nor is it to be wondered at, considering the general wonder and interest attending these rare and extraordinary features of their land. I said of one which in my ignorance I thought to be a mere bed of snow, "C'est la neige là." "Non," said he, as if it was a kind of affront to the glacier, and with a high sense of the superior interest attached to

these deep beds and ridges of eternal ice,—"Non," said he, "ce n'est pas la neige, c'est glacier. C'est tout glacé, monsieur."

My guide of to-day, as is usually the case, was a pleasant companion. The point which most roused his energy and eloquence during the day was that of the danger of travellers crossing passes, or wandering among the mountains without a regular guide,—one who was "sur la carte;" that is, enrolled, and on the list of guides officially appointed, as he was himself. It did not need very great acuteness to see how this view would not only magnify the importance, but tend to the advantage of *his order*. However, I did not put a stop to his oratory by letting any observation escape, betraying such perceptions. Among other instances of the paramount importance of guides, he quoted the case of Napoleon, who, he said, would have been lost, — would have perished, — would have been "trente fois mort," had it not been for a guide, who caught him when his mule stumbled between Martigny and the Hospice de St. Bernard.

About a mile before our arrival at Chamonix, we went literally through the ruins of a large mill and five houses, which had been dashed to

fragments, scattered hither and thither, and partially hurled into the torrent of the Arve beneath by an avalanche, which occurred in the February of the present year. It took place in the night, and I was informed that seven men were killed by the catastrophe. The snow which fell was only the accumulation of one winter. Vast beams of wood, immense stones, and the great roller of the mill, lie heaped on each side of the road in the utmost confusion.

The position of the mill, and the once adjoining residences, must have been of the most dangerous character, as subject to a like destruction, in consequence of the form presented by the hollow slope in the mountain-side above. It is of an angle just calculated to hold for a time, and then to discharge, uninterrupted by intervening mound or wood, the mass of gathered snow. Nevertheless, just as the Catanians seem to dwell under Etna with as much satisfaction as if the current of lava had not run directly through their town, and partially destroyed it, so here, I was informed, that the proprietor is going to rebuild the mill exactly in the same spot. This, at first sight, appeared to me absolute madness, but the strange character of this

intention was a little explained (though but a very little) by the information that the new building was to be framed on a peculiar plan, very low behind, and on such a construction altogether, as to give every hope that in case of another avalanche descending, it would be partially divided, and so pass over on each side of the edifice. It is, however, rather fearful to engage in a contest with an Alpine avalanche;—one of the mightiest and most terrific forces which the God of nature exhibits, even in this land, where vast and overwhelming results of His will, unknown in other climes, are no strange things.

At the road-side, near the ruins above mentioned, a box was affixed to a post, with the object of collecting donations for the families of those who perished in the calamity of which I have spoken. It was inscribed, "Tronc pour les infortunés victimes de l'avalanche de 15 Février, 1847."

During my walk of to-day I had a good deal of conversation with a respectable inhabitant of the Canton Vallais, of which I have spoken before, and out of which I had to-day passed at the Col de Balme, exchanging it for the territory of Sardinia. In answer to my inquiry, whether

the Bible was much read in his country, he said, "By no means. Through the influence of the priests it was almost forbidden *(presque défendue)*, and discouraged, as to its sale and admission into the Canton, by all possible means." He said, that "if he purchased a Bible in the Canton de Vaud, or elsewhere, it would be taken from him at the *douane*, on re-entering his own country." He said, "The clergy allow us other books, but not the *véritable Bible*." I am happy to add that this prohibition, and the system of the priesthood in general, seemed to him whom I addressed a very grievous and unwarrantable thing.

I asked him a few questions on the local politics of his Canton. He said, that it was not long since there had been pitched battles between the two parties,—as he styled them, "the *liberal* and the *high* party." The first remark that he made regarding the *liberal* party was, that they were desirous of having "liberté des cultes"—of the *high* party, "that the priests were all on that side, and supplied the money for carrying on their tactics." Thus here, as almost everywhere else throughout Europe, where there is strife, and trouble, and confusion, and a syste-

matic endeavour to repress civil and religious liberty, if you search deeply enough, you will find that the "root of bitterness" comes forth from the corrupt and poisoned soil of Rome. The "root of bitterness," springing up to trouble, is there. Merle d'Aubigné, in his late work on the "Life and Character of the Protector," pp. 373, 374, has thus ably written in connexion with this subject:—

"The Romish Church is so much the more formidable to the peace and prosperity of nations, *as she has no fixed political principles*, but seeks merely her own power, and willingly allies herself with every party, provided some advantage can be derived from it. She will unite with kings against their subjects, and with subjects against their kings, just as her interest may require. She will be despotic: she will be liberal: she will be proud: she will be meek. She aims at one thing only—to bind prince and people under the throne of the Vatican, and to maintain herself erect above them; treading with one foot on the hand of the sovereign, and with the other on the heart of the people."

These truths need again and again to be

pressed on the inhabitants of Great Britain; and through them only does it seem that our legislators can be reached, now that, alas! no leader of any strong political party takes a decided Protestant position—a circumstance not only appalling both in a political and religious view, but, so far as I am acquainted with the history of our country, *unparalleled since the Reformation*. At the late election there was more of a Protestant spirit evinced throughout the land than had been generally expected; and should this be maintained and developed in such a manner as to bear with permanent effect on national legislation, Great Britain, with its vast dependencies, may yet prosper, and have an indefinite lengthening of its glory. If otherwise,—if the principles on which the present sovereign and dynasty of England rules, be one after another made light of, and legislative acts introduced, granting increased favour and aggrandizement to Popery, then we may expect one of the two following results,—either a speedy and deplorable fall of our present constitution, or a reaction so severe, as to plunge the whole country into general commotion, such as England has had, more than once, to endure, in order

to maintain her liberties, social and religious, even at this costly price.

The waters are usually very abundant at this season of the year, and they are at the present moment even more copious than usual, in consequence of a long continuance of hot weather—just the circumstance which would have a contrary effect in our own land, or in any region where there was not a vast accumulation of snow to melt in the summer sun, exactly in proportion to the strength and duration of the heat.

The town of Chamonix is small, and independent of its locality would be quite devoid of interest. Its peculiar position, however, renders it one of the most interesting localities in the whole world. It lies in the narrow valley between two enormous mountains,—Le Brevent on one side, and Mont Blanc on the other. Mighty walls these! However, the wonders of the last-mentioned mountain are so great and arresting, that few glances are given in the opposite direction, while morning, noon, and night, the traveller finds himself gazing upward on the other side.

I was soon lodged at that deservedly favourite resort of English travellers, the Hôtel de Londres

et de l'Angleterre, which I reached at about four o'clock.

I have now performed my first day's excursion towards accomplishing the object which I have in view—that of making the complete circuit of Mont Blanc—from Martigny to Chamonix, (the course of this day)—from Chamonix to Contamines—from Contamines to Chapriu, by the Col de Bonhomme—from Chapriu to Cormayeur, by the Col de la Seigne—from Cormayeur to Aosta—from Aosta to St. Bernard—and from St. Bernard to Martigny again. This, from all I hear, will be a most interesting excursion, and will occupy altogether seven travelling days. I count for one that which I have just concluded; and intend, if permitted, to leave Chamonix on Monday morning next, so as to arrive at Martigny again by the ensuing Saturday night. The two days which I have to spend here, at Chamonix, are destined for the two favourite excursions from the place, visited by everybody, but not less deserving of a visit for that reason—I mean that to the Montanvert, for seeing the Mer de Glace; and that to the height of La Flegère, for the sake of obtaining one of the best views which Mont Blanc presents of its whole formation and extent.

Before retiring to bed this evening I had the pleasure of a recognition with the party from England, whom I had met at Martigny last night. They had also come by the Col de Balme, and the ladies had walked a considerable part of the way. Much to my surprise they bore no appearance of fatigue; and I had the pleasure of an invitation to accompany them early on the morrow to Montanvert and the Mer de Glace. Thus, again, though leaving England as a solitary traveller, I was, for a third time, supplied on my way with friendly and acceptable companionship.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST EXCURSION—PEDESTRIAN HINTS—SCENE AROUND—MONTANVERT—MER DE GLACE—SWISS PERILS—GLACIERS—MAP—CASCADE—ITS FORM—RETURN.

Friday, July 16th.—At about five o'clock this morning we set out on a visit to Montanvert and the Mer de Glace, according to the arrangement made on the preceding evening. The way lies first across meadows and amid crops, which were somewhat dwarf and scanty; but, nevertheless, including the potatoes, a plant which one now always regards with unusually keen interest, looked healthy and well. The ascent then begins. It is steep and rugged—winding, of necessity, backwards and forwards along the mountain-side; and in one place, crossing for a considerable extent one of those bare, stony, broken, and gravel-covered portions of the mountain-side,

which tell of water and of torrents violently descending at some regular period of the year, or at certain indefinite periods. The time allowed and counted by the guides for the ascent from Chamonix to the "Pavilion,"—an inn situated in close proximity to that portion of the Mer de Glace on which travellers usually go for a few yards, or a few hundred yards, according to their inclination,—is about two hours and a half. All our party were on foot, and the spirit and agility with which the ladies accomplished the severe labour of ascending this steep was remarkable, and gave me fresh admiration for the powers and spirit of my countrywomen. The young ladies even ventured at times to desert the beaten track, and, like the chamois of this land, or Virgil's Camilla, when,

> "intactæ segetis per summa volaret
> Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas,"

they would sometimes move on with light step among the rocks, and loose stones, and rhododendrons, and mossy turf,—a very different course, by-the-bye, from that of Camilla's plain.

This day I experienced the value of the spiked stick, or *Alpenstock*, an article which sometimes

may be seen fastened to the traveller's luggage on his road from Dover or Ramsgate to London, as a memorial or trophy of his Swiss expedition, although it would be difficult to find any real use for it in our land. Here, however, it is most serviceable, not only in case of a sudden slip, but also to assist in ascending, by leaning forward upon it, and in descending, by making it support a certain portion of the weight of the body, and so relieving the knees, ankles, and soles of the feet; for on these parts of our frame there is a constant demand in Swiss pedestrian excursions, such as in all probability they have never experienced in any similar measure before. A little practice renders the use of the Alpenstock truly valuable, and teaches you many other lessons, new for a walker to learn; for instance, the benefit of choosing every soft place of broken earth, grass, or withered leaves, on which to drop the feet on a steep descent among rocks and loose stones, for a period of perhaps two or three successive hours; also of making the steps sometimes very short and sometimes very long, like the mules, according to the form of the ground and the soundness of foundation at each place of treading. This is peculiarly useful in ascents.

A beautiful scene encircled us on approaching the "Pavilion." Thick matted beds of the dwarf rhododendron, now in full and rich flower, were scattered around at our feet. Above our heads were old pines, with their short stunted branches, living and strong, but telling plainly, by their weather-beaten look, that on this lofty range they had a hard struggle and combat to maintain,—sentinels, as it were, on the very outposts of arboreal vegetation and growth. On the right we had a view down the icy ridges of the glacier *des Bois* into the deep valley of Chamonix; and, turning round, we could gaze upwards along the whole waving line of the Mer de Glace, lying bedded between those mountains, which have constrained it into its present form. Immediately below the steep ridge or bank on which we were standing, wide blue icy *crevices* (the local Swiss word for hollows in the glacier) opened themselves to our view, light in colour at the edge, from the effect of the sun, then of deeper hue a few feet below, and sinking into deep black hollows, of dark and mysterious shades. Exactly opposite to us, on the other side of the glacier, torrents of immense length were falling from the lofty sides of the Aiguilles

(or needle-like peaks), called, I believe, *Le Dru* and *Le Moine*, the loud and steady sound of these abundant waters mingling occasionally with the cracking of the glacier beneath. The breeze came upon us, sweeping gently and refreshingly through the neighbouring trees, and bearing with it the sweet and delicate perfume emitted by the pine-tree leaf, and so gratefully familiar to the Alpine traveller. The sun was shining clearly and genially, making the temperature as perfect as temperature could be, and the air of the mountain had in it an indescribable freshness, buoyancy, and life. A few light clouds were floating rapidly by, as if unwilling long to hide the rich blue of the firmament above, while they would just appear for a moment, and so set it off: and, to crown all, in no direction could we look, without gazing on some of the most magnificent peaks which the whole world can present, no two alike, yet every one mighty and glorious as natural objects could be, and every one telling of Him, the great God and Creator of "all things visible and invisible," who "weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," (Isa. xl. 12,) and of whom it is written in His own sublime Word, "Mine hand also hath laid

the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned the heavens: when I call unto them, they stand up together," Isa. xlviii. 13.

Arriving at the "Pavilion," or inn, on the ridge of the mountain, just above the glacier, we breakfasted, and then descended a short distance, by a rocky rhododendron-covered steep, on to the glacier itself, first crossing for a few yards the *moraine*, or rocky, earthy, and gravelly ridge, by which the glaciers are skirted and edged, sometimes to an enormous width and height, so as to look like dykes or fortifications, and indeed far to exceed anything of that description which human hands ever piled. Such, for instance, is the case at the glacier *de Brenva*, near Cormayeur, on the other side of Mont Blanc from that where I now am. Dr. Beattie observes, "The inferior extremity of the glacier always drives before it that kind of dyke, which is here called *Nioraine*, and in the Oberland, *Gandeken*." And while upon the subject of glaciers, having observed that it is extremely difficult to obtain good representations of these wondrous objects, I may mention, that the one which has pleased me far beyond any other which I have hitherto seen, and which really does justice to the features

which it represents, is the engraving of the glacier *des Bossons*, facing page 22 in the first volume of Beattie's "Switzerland Illustrated." It is, however, scarcely possible to conceive the sharpness, altitude, and variety of form, which, at some particular points, the ridges and edges of the crevices assume. It is only in the flatter and more tame portion of the surface that the illustration of a troubled sea can convey any notion of their true appearance and character. To show that I have not exaggerated the peculiar characteristics of the surface of a glacier, I quote from Murray's "Hand-Book" a few lines, relative to that very one of which I have just spoken. "The white and apparently unimportant mass of ice, of which the lower extremity is composed, is really formed by enormous masses, split into a thousand fantastic forms; some are fine pinnacles, sixty or eighty feet high, others immense blocks, broken or melted into fantastic forms, and so impending, that they excite a shudder: but the colour, the deep and beautiful blue colour of the ice in its depths, offers effects of which no description can convey an idea."

Walking on the glacier near Montanvert, even at the place where almost all travellers descend

upon it, (whether ladies or gentlemen, old or young, timid or courageous, or in whatever list or category they may be classed,) is by no means a performance in which you may venture to lay aside prudence, and watchfulness, and care, as to your proceedings. The easiest part is of course chosen on occasions such as that of our expedition to-day—merely the *course ordinaire*, as it is called, to Montanvert and the Mer de Glace. Here, however, the traveller has an opportunity of traversing and standing on a mass of ice, at a point far higher above the earthy soil of the valley beneath than ever bridge was reared; and though there are extended flat portions of the glacier, which you can cross without any difficulty whatsoever, (without even the danger of slipping, for a gritty kind of substance, partly, I believe, blown hither by the wind from the neighbouring heights, and partly ejected from the glacier itself, covers the surface of the ice,) still there are around you deep fissures and crevices, which must not be too nearly approached, and not approached at all if the ice should incline towards them. These crevices are amply large enough to engulph you between their icy and precipitous sides, and no

human help could extricate you, if once immerged in their cold, glassy, blue, deep-shaded hollows. One has heard of horses, under ordinary circumstances, wild, impetuous, and plunging about on the very slightest cause of excitement, but quite calm in the battle or in the furious thunderstorm, yet boldly and skilfully obeying each call made upon their powers and nerves. So here I could well imagine that the wildest party of youths, (who would be ready to court and enjoy common danger, and whose spirits would rise higher and higher in some ordinary feats demanding their boldness and force,) might be tamed and subdued by the nature of the scene, by their new and strange footing, by the deep yawning fissures around, which to brave would be madness, and which to treat even with carelessness would be in no unlikelihood a sudden and appalling death. Truly Switzerland is not a land to be *trifled with*. A guide said to me, on one occasion, with a countenance of seriousness, denoting how deeply his conviction and experience answered to his words, "On ne s'amuse pas toujours dans nos montagnes." And the very frequent answer to sundry propositions made by the traveller, in his ignorance of these scenes,

is, that if he were to make such and such an attempt, he would be *perdu*. With ordinary prudence, and the exercise of good common sense, there is no course or expedition throughout all Switzerland where the traveller need fear danger; but, to one lacking these qualities, perhaps scarcely any course will deny him an opportunity of putting his folly to the test. In our land, man seems to have the general dominion of nature and the earth, and nothing connected with its form and substance threatens him with death and destruction; but with the precipice, the glacier, the torrent, and the avalanche, man must not and cannot contend. These are among Switzerland's natural organic powers. To these man must yield. From trifling with these he must be restrained. Let the traveller be well imbued with these recollections. They may be needed to soberize the young and impetuous, specially among my brave and noble countrymen, whose enterprise and courage have so long been of European renown. Long may it continue so to be, and long may warnings be required by the youth of Great Britain against self-exposure, rather than encouragement to bravery and lack of dread!

From the point on the glacier which we reached, we had an excellent view of the Mer de Glace, and most suitable weather for its enjoyment; the warmth of the sun above and the coolness of the ice beneath so blending and harmonizing together as to form a delightful temperature, while there was no wind or current to disturb us. This would prove by no means a pleasant adjunct to a walk on the surface of the ice between two mountain steeps. We looked up the Mer de Glace, which makes a graceful bend at the part where it is joined by the respective glaciers *du Talefre*, *de Lechaud*, and *du Tacul*, and had the way of approach to the *Jardin* clearly pointed out to us, though it was itself hidden by no less an object than the vast mountain called the Couvercle, rising between us and it. The names of many other peaks and localities were also carefully recorded for our information, but names such as these have in themselves but little interest, unless connected with your expedition by some closer visit to their precincts, or by some peculiar circumstance. As they did not much interest me, even when I heard them on the spot, still less can I suppose that they would afford any real interest to those

who may read these lines, and therefore I omit any thing like their notice and enumeration.

I had with me an old, but most valuable map of Mont Blanc and its immediate neighbourhood—on a large and very accurate scale, with which I tested the information of the guide, and, *vice versâ*, tested the map by his statements. It was executed from surveys taken in 1797, 1798, and 1799, and is inscribed, "Levé, dessiné, et gravé par J. B. Raymond." It was on such a large scale, as to give for Mont Blanc itself and its vicinity (a space of perhaps forty to fifty miles), more room than Keller's celebrated map presents for the whole of Switzerland. The friend who kindly lent it, told me, from his own experience, that I should find it a very useful companion, and my expectations were more than realized by its actual value to me on various occasions. The guides admired it extremely, though to none of them it seemed familiar.

It was between three and four o'clock before we reached Chamonix, after making this very interesting expedition. Such was the spirit and capacity to bear fatigue on the part of the ladies in our party, that as we descended, to my great surprise, the proposition was made to undertake

another excursion in the evening—namely, to the Cascade des Pélerins. I must confess that I personally felt that a very good day's work had been already performed, and though I was perfectly willing to undertake an evening walk if decided upon, yet, on another consideration, could not with sincerity give very cordial encouragement to the design. For I really considered it almost a matter of certainty that such continued exertion must be too much for any female capacity, and accordingly when referred to ventured to use some dissuasive argument. However, it was soon overruled, and I was afterwards glad that it so happened, as the result proved me a false prophet, and no harm whatever resulted to any of the party engaged. But in order to show that I had no inadequate reason for my apprehensions, I may say that by the time of returning to bed at night, the whole party had been out between twelve and thirteen hours; for we left Chamonix in the morning at five, returned to it at half-past three, and, having dined, left it again at five in the evening for the Cascade des Pélerins, — a walk which, in going and returning, occupied us three hours.

This waterfall is well worth a visit. I never

saw any other bearing the least similitude to it. Down to the last leap of the water, there is no peculiarity in the form and course which it pursues. It is just a full volume of water rushing and leaping down a steep cleft in the rocky heights, like hundreds of other cascades. But at its last leap the whole stream plunges with one compact body of water into a hollow of the rock, into a kind of shallow well, on the very edge of the precipice or steep. Having no means of escape, it then bounds upwards in a close, thick, arching column, which widens and opens in its wavering descent; but still so falls, that even where in least abundance its weight and copiousness give the idea of such overwhelming strength, that to pass under it would have seemed an act of no slight peril. I am well aware, from the difference manifest in the pictures and representations of this cascade, how many different shapes it must take, according to the quantity of water coming from the mountain above, or to the varying form of the hollow—worn sometimes on one side and sometimes on another—which causes the remarkable features of this fall. But the appearance on that evening when I saw it was exactly as above described.

On returning to Chamonix, arrangements were made for the same party to ascend the mountain called La Flegère early on the morrow. This is usually the second excursion undertaken here, as it gives the opportunity of seeing the whole line of Mont Blanc, and its adjacent peaks on that side of the valley, from one of the best positions which can be obtained—very near and very lofty at the same time.

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND EXCURSION — MOUNTAIN GOATS — LE BREVENT — MONT BLANC—ITS SUMMIT—THE SABBATH—BODILY REST.

Saturday, July 17th.—Another sunny and beautiful day. As yesterday, we were off early in the morning, in order to secure a portion of the cooler hours for the mountain-ascent. And in this peculiar course such a caution as this is of no inconsiderable value; for although the latter part of the way lies through a wood, still there is a long, steep, bare ridge to climb, where there is no shelter at all. The time considered requisite for the whole ascent to the inn, at the favourite point of view, is two hours and a half. There is no real or even apparent danger on the way—I mean, for mules, because to speak of danger for pedestrians in any of the ordinary courses which travellers pursue among the Alps, seems to me perfectly absurd.

In one part of our day's expedition, we were followed up the side of the hill by a troop of goats—fine, highly-bred, delicately-formed, and nimble creatures—more like the pictures of the chamois (for the real living chamois I do not remember to have seen) than any specimens of the race which I had hitherto observed. They were perfectly tame and confident in their approaches; and one beautiful, chestnut-coloured animal was so closely familiar as to touch my hand repeatedly with his forehead in order to draw attention. Travellers, I suppose, are accustomed to give them something to eat, if they have it in their pocket; for the moment I put my hand into the pocket of the light loose coat which I wore on these excursions, he eagerly followed my movement, pushed his taper nose in also, and gladly partook of human food, namely, a few mouthfuls of bread.

Forbes says, that a traveller, on entering the solitary slopes adjacent to the Mer de Glace, is sometimes surrounded, and inconveniently hemmed in, by a whole troop of these animals seeking for salt, which the shepherd-boy is accustomed to bring with him on visiting his charge, and for which they have a great liking.

The view from the summit, usually attained on this expedition, is of a character surpassingly grand. Indeed, for a spectacle of the kind—namely, an immense line of the loftiest, most abrupt, and most peaked mountains, with glaciers intervening between their separate ridges, and a valley, lying deep below, so as to separate the whole line of mountain from that line on which the spectator stands—the scene is perfect, and, in all probability, few who see it have ever had or will ever have it equalled. The point of view where you stand is directly in face of the Mer de Glace, and you have an opportunity of marking in perfection the mode of its frozen descent, by means of the Glacier des Bois, which is, in fact, only a continuation of the Mer de Glace. This glacier makes its way towards the valley below, at one part down the precipitous side of a vast reddish brown ridge of rock, which it partly covers, and partly frames in its course, leaving large portions bare, partially moistened and bright from the overspreading current caused by the melting snow,—partially scarred with dark lines by the action of deeper and more violent streams, and partially reflecting the beams of light from each dry prominence,

glistening in the sun with its own metallic hue. Up the valley, which here crosses you, and which is in sight for an immense extent, both to the right and left, you see as far as the Col de Balme, and down it considerably below Chamonix. The depth of the valley, the extremely abrupt angle at which the whole chain of mountains descends, the woods on each side, the rivers, and the chalets, by which it is characterized, render the scene in the depth below of no slight interest. However, the grand object is of course Mont Blanc and its summit, on which I shall now make a few observations.

Let no one imagine that he will see Mont Blanc even from hence, or from Chamonix, rising to a point, with a single definite peak, unrivalled and unapproached by competing summits. This is not the case. I do not know any mountain where it is *less* the case. Among the glorious mountains of this form which I have had the enjoyment to behold, I remember specially the Pic du Midi, in the Pyrenees, and Etna, which latter is indeed a superb specimen of unity and of solitary grandeur, rising, as it does, singly, and not as one of a chain, from the very sea on one side, and from the plains of Sicily on the

three others. So differently is Mont Blanc formed, that, until the traveller has received information on the spot, he is almost sure, when at Chamonix or in other localities on this side of the mountain, to make a mistake as to the real and veritable summit of Mont Blanc. And I observed that the guides felt themselves so certain of newly-arrived travellers making this error, that, when they saw the spectator gazing upwards in the direction of the summit, they would not long delay,—even until the stranger had spoken a word, as to the special height to which he was directing his attention,—to tell him that he was in error, and that the honour of the real summit was to be given elsewhere. The fact is, that from Chamonix the true culminating point of Mont Blanc certainly *looks* inferior in height to another ridge on the left hand, and, as it struck me, to one on the right also. Between and beyond these two sloping ridges a wide bed of snow sweeps upwards, and there is the crowning eminence which gives to Mont Blanc its royal honours as the very point in which the European Continent nearest approaches the canopy of heaven above. Again and again it should be remembered, that Mont Blanc is a

mighty chain, not a single, solitary peak, or disappointment will at first ensue, though by degrees, if you have feelings for nature at all, it *must* sway and command them ; and as the magnitude of each separate feature, and the wonders of its structure, from God's hand, open to the eye and mind, boundless will be your admiration, keen indeed your interest, and hearty your love for all which it holds forth to your gaze, or offers as materials of contemplation, of thought, and of praise.

On returning to Chamonix, my own personal and bodily feelings would have made me welcome the approaching Sabbath-day of rest, even had there been no higher motives to impress and actuate me, which, I trust, were not dormant. I have already spoken of the new and peculiar sense of spiritual enjoyment, which the return of each Lord's-day gives to all travellers who prize and love the ordinances of God in regard to this privilege. But now I personally anticipated the value of one compulsory day of rest as an appointment of God for the welfare of that body, whether of men or of cattle, (for both of which He equally provides,*) whereof He

* See Fourth Commandment.

Himself is the Creator and Preserver. It does not often happen to those on whom it devolves chiefly to speak and preach on this matter, to experience that absolute fatigue of muscle, and bone, and flesh, which demands the recruiting of a Sabbath-day's repose. Therefore, when circumstances place them in a condition to realize for themselves that which so many millions of their fellow-creatures experience every week of their lives, they are specially summoned to consider and take notice of God's wisdom and love as applied and evidenced in the matter. I had been pursuing during the whole week a mode of life perfectly different from that usually followed by myself and others in my situation of life, although very fond of exercise, and seldom losing opportunities of taking it to the *fullest* extent which the various claims on my time and professional engagements will admit. I had had a week of really severe labour, walking many miles for four or five days in that period, at times under a sun of considerable heat, and sometimes for hour after hour up precipitous steeps such as are quite unknown in Great Britain. And now, just at the conclusion of the week,—just at the approach of our ordained day of rest,—I felt

that I needed some extended repose as a requirement of the body. Though perfectly well,—indeed, better as to the feelings of health, and as to the enjoyment of the mere animal spirits, than when I had commenced my pedestrian labour,—still I felt real fatigue pervading the whole frame; and this was accompanied by the conviction that it needed more than one night's rest for a due restoration to its usual capacity for any sustained exertion and progress on my way. And this conviction was so strong, that, although entering with keen gratification into the spirit which so generally animates the traveller in mountainous districts, and longing to see more of those scenes with which I had just commenced my acquaintance, still I confess that I should have felt sorry to proceed on the following day, merely from the bodily sensations such as I have here described. It pleased me much to have this opportunity of testing, from my own personal experience, the adaptation of the seventh day as one of rest and repose to our bodily wants; and also to have another opportunity in prospect at the end of seven days more, as I hoped to carry out my intended purpose of six days' exertion during the ensuing week.

CHAPTER XIII.

SERVICE PROPOSED—SERVICE REFUSED—SARDINIAN LAW—DOCUMENTS QUOTED—INTOLERANCE—A WARNING—THUNDER-STORM—CHAMONIX—SABBATH REST.

Sunday, July 18th.—The hotel this morning was very pleasantly quiet, only a few travellers being in the house. On the previous day I had mentioned to the landlord my wish to assemble any of my countrymen who might be staying in the house, for the purpose of public worship, telling him that I was a Clergyman of the Church of England, and that such was my usual custom at any place where there was no regular service held. I asked him at the same time to let me have an appropriate room for the purpose. To my great surprise (for this was only the second* time that such a thing had occurred to me during my travels in any land whatsoever) my host said that this could not be permitted, and that it would bring upon him the most detrimental consequences. Nothing could be more kindly and

* The same thing happened at the Eaux Bonnes, in the Pyrenees, but there it was from the personal religious prejudice of the owner of the house.

civil than the manner in which he represented the matter; and I must say that he appeared very much to regret the circumstances in which he was placed. These I will now mention. He told me that by the laws of the country it was generally forbidden to have *any meeting whatsoever for religious worship*, except that of the established—*i. e.* the Romish Church; and, therefore, that a special permission was requisite in order to allow even English travellers to meet for a religious service. In expectation of obtaining this permission, according to the principle admitted at Nice and Turin, and, as he himself quoted to me, even at Rome, he wrote to the proper authority, stating that the English travellers, who frequented his house in considerable numbers, were very desirous of meeting together to worship God on the Lord's-day; and, I believe, also adding, that the prohibition of their doing so was a serious detriment to himself and to the place in general, as English travellers would avoid being at Chamonix on Sunday, or hasten away from it on Saturday, in consequence of their inability to unite together in the place for that religious service which they considered obligatory upon them, and to which they were so

much attached. Now what was the result of this? It will scarcely be believed, but it is perfectly true, that this permission was absolutely and decidedly refused. And the landlord informed me, that in case of his allowing any assembly for religious purposes in his house—even that of the English who were under the roof—without a single individual being invited or admitted from any other hotel or lodging in the town, he would be severely punished, and his house shut up by the police. In testimony of these statements he offered to show me the printed laws, or regulations, in connexion with these matters, and the written letter which he had received in answer to his application. This I very readily accepted, being desirous of sifting and investigating this most extraordinary instance of bigotry with which I had ever become acquainted, as a national and official injunction, during the whole of my Continental experience.

The printed paper was entitled thus:—

"Manifeste du Gouvernement de la Division de Savoie, pour le maintien du Bon Ordre.

"En date du 1er Janvier, 1847."

From this I extracted the 51st article, which was as follows:—

"Ceux qui auront accordé ou permis l'usage de leur maison, ou habitation, ou de tout autre lieu dont ils auront la jouissance ou la propriété, pour la réunion d'une secte, seront, pour ce seul fait, punis de la peine infligée aux membres de cette association."

This *peine*, or penalty, was imprisonment from a month to a year, according to judicial decision.

Extraordinary as this manifesto was, and prohibitory as it was of *all* religious liberty, and including, as it did, *all* however circumstanced within its penal grasp, the private letter which the landlord had received was, in my opinion, more remarkable still. The letter was dated the 20th of June, 1847, and officially forwarded from the "Division de Savoie, Commandement militaire de la Province de Faucigny."

From this document I make a few extracts—to use the language addressed to our host—"concernant la demande que vous font les Anglais de se servir de votre maison, pour leurs réunions religieuses, et y faire le prêche des fausses religions." The letter proceeds to say that it was "une chose défendue, et que vous devais refuser constamment;" and then attempts to justify the

refusal of any such permission at Chamonix, while the same privilege was allowed to the English at Chambery, Turin, or Rome, on the ground of Chamonix being a small commune, while the other localities were large towns! Another part of the letter decides as an ultimatum, "Que chaque particulier prie dans son logement tant qu'il voudrait, mais jamais en réunion." But the most curious part of the document was the scolding, rather ecclesiastical than political, and bearing the appearance of some priestly pen engaged rather than that of a mere civil governor. The proposition of the English was termed "un propos de Satan," and the official writer continues to say, on the imaginary hypothesis of its being acceded to, "comme bien d'autres, moi-même je vous assure, que si j'étais instruct que vous eussiez permis semblable réunion chez vous, je ne remettrais jamais les pieds." This document was signed "Le Commandant de Faucigny, De Maugny."

Now, beyond all doubt, these most curious documents were amply abundant to justify my landlord in withholding the permission such as I sought for this day, nor do I see how any one could press the demand upon him any further

after their perusal: at least I did not and could not. Much, therefore, to my regret I was obliged to give up any further service than that of reading prayers and a sermon in the apartment of the friends with whom I had passed a considerable portion of my time during my stay in this place. To invite any others would have been to give to our meeting the character of a *réunion;* and with no slight oppression of feeling I was obliged to leave uninvited to prayer and praise, and the hearing of God's word, three or four of my young countrymen who were about the hotel, and who, as I had opportunity of knowing, would have been truly glad to have been fellow-worshippers. Let Protestants ponder well these things! Let them not shut their eyes to the truth as to the character of Popery! There is something in the noble English mind which makes it almost unwilling to believe and admit the possibility of bigotry and spiritual tyranny acting out its principles. From this the Romanists derive extraordinary advantage in their religious and political demands; therefore it is needful to heap fact upon fact in order to maintain a true, persevering, earnest opposition to the encroachments of Popery. Therefore it is well to

have it continually represented to the public eye of our countrymen in its true colours; and while we would not wish to retaliate by refusing *toleration*, let us remember that to tolerate and to *encourage* are two very different things; and happy would it be for England, and much would it tend to the glory of God, if our rulers were known throughout the whole world as the constant defenders of the faith—as the mighty friends of the Gospel and of Scriptural Christianity, who, in tolerating Romanism, would claim in all quarters of the earth that same freedom of worship, and of action too, for their Protestant subjects which we grant to Romanists of all countries when on British ground or in British dependencies. A little more *reciprocity* in matters of religion would only seem fair and just, and how keen would claims for such reciprocity, if not for ascendancy, be, were it an affair of commerce or territory, or any political or worldly question, whatsoever it might be.

It is generally considered that the present king of Sardinia is an advocate of due and constitutional freedom in his realms, but hitherto, as the numerous English residents at Nice and elsewhere in his dominions only too well know,

all freedom of religious exertion in behalf of Protestant principles, such as we freely admit in behalf of Romish principles here, is utterly precluded. And, in reality, what miserable thraldom, both of body and soul, must exist in any country, whether it calls itself a republic, a monarchy, or by any other name, which, to use the words of one well known both in England and abroad, "recognises the supremacy of another conscience, and even looks upon such submission as the condition of its own participation in the kingdom of God."

A thunder-storm came down the valley this evening from the direction of the Col de Balme. The accompanying rain was very acceptable, as the continued sun had parched up the ground, and filled the air with a certain amount of mist, which prevented that clearness and sharpness in the outlines of the mountain pinnacles which so much contributes to their beauty and effect. The new features of the scene were grand and arresting, as the dark, black clouds gathered among the peaks; and every now and then the lightning flashed along the valley. The storm, however, was neither violent nor long continued, and hitherto, in Switzerland, I have seen nothing of

her atmosphere's wilder feats and performance; all has been warm, settled, sunny, and calm. A little change will not be unacceptable—but this remark is one which has more than once drawn a smile from the natives, who know their land better than I, and thus indicate that if a change comes, it may come in a very different shape and countenance from that which a mountain traveller would wish or would welcome.

The local and geographical character of Chamonix is as gloomy as it is grand. Of course, when the place is crowded with eager travellers—when the sun is brightly shining, and in the midst of summer's glowing days, or under a brilliant moon, gleaming on the snows aloft—all is brilliant and cheering in no slight degree. But when the sun shines not, when the clouds lie low, and wrap the higher parts of the mountains in their misty shrouds, just admitting a sight of their base, to show how closely you are hemmed in by their steep sides; when travellers are silent, and shut in their own chambers; and when nothing is heard but the plash of the neighbouring torrent, ceasing neither night nor day, —then, indeed, a peculiar gloom and solemnity environs the place: and wondrous as the scene is,

I know few localities where I should less like to dwell, week after week, or month after month, or year after year.

As I had anticipated last night, I found myself on awaking this morning by no means fully rested; nor, indeed, until the afternoon was I free from a sense of exhaustion and bodily fatigue. But the day of rest had by that time perceptibly began to tell, and I have no doubt but that to-morrow I shall be "*vegetus præscripta ad munia*,"—thoroughly refreshed, and ready for another week of that most pleasant toil in which I am now engaged. I will not deny that pedestrianism in Switzerland is a toil, while at the same time it is a toil which the pleasure most abundantly repays. Nor do I see how the one can be separated from the other, inasmuch as God has graciously ordained that in a sound body muscular exertion should have its own reward; first, in the production of healthy and invigorating action of the frame; and secondly, in its preparation for the feelings of rest and repose, which cannot, by any possibility which man can devise, be otherwise gained and enjoyed. To it, as to learning, there is no royal road.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY GUIDE — TRAVELLERS' BOOK — EXTRACT — MR. WOOLLEY'S ASCENT—MR. AULDJO'S ASCENT—DEPARTURE—GUIDES—REGULATIONS—SWOLLEN STREAMS—GRAND SCENE—PEDESTRIAN HINTS—EXPENSES—COL DE VOSA—MOUNTAIN STORM—WAYSIDE CHAPELS—IMAGES—IMAGE WORSHIP — ABSOLUTIONS—MIGRATIONS—CONTAMINES—WILD NIGHT.

Monday, July 19th.—I had agreed to set out this morning at ten o'clock, with the guide who had attended my English friends on Friday and Saturday on those expeditions in which I had had the pleasure of accompanying them. It struck me that he would be an intelligent and pleasing companion; and as I had no prospect of any other for the ensuing six days, this was of some importance. He came early in the morning to test the weight of my small waterproof bag, and was not the least dissatisfied with it. This was gratifying to me, as it was certainly heavier than a knapsack, and I should have felt really distressed had it proved either a real or imaginary grievance up and down the many steep heights where he would have to bear it. When I showed it to

him, he first took it up gravely in his hands, and then said, in answer to my inquiry whether it would prove inconveniently heavy, "Non, Monsieur, je le porterai, je le porterai—volontiers." I liked much the addition, and the tone, of this last word.

Rising early this morning I found myself thoroughly invigorated by the full Sabbath-day's rest, and with the muscular power of the limbs evidently increased by the last week's expeditions.

Having half an hour to spare in the morning, I looked over a few pages of Forbes's interesting work on the glaciers and other phenomena of Switzerland, and also into the Travellers' Book, which is kept at this hotel. The attempts at wit were, as usual in these documents, of a most helpless description.

The most interesting thing in it was the list of those travellers who at various times have ascended Mont Blanc. They are only twenty-nine in number; the first being in 1786; the second, that of De Saussure, was in 1787. Two females have successfully accomplished the same difficult feat; for difficult it certainly is, even for the strongest men. Danger is probable—painful fatigue is certain, and subsequent suffering is

almost unavoidable. Of these two females one was Maria Paradis of Chamonix—locally called, from her accomplishment of the undertaking, Maria de Mont Blanc; the other a French lady. I was informed that they both suffered exceedingly before they reached the summit; and, regarding the Swiss heroine, the expression which I heard was, that she was carried in the men's arms to the top, "plus morte que vivante." As yet no ascent of the mountain had taken place this year; the last was that of August the 5th, 1846, the notice and description of which I extract verbatim from the Travellers' Book:—

"Mr. John Woolley, of Beeston, Nottinghamshire, and of Trin. Coll. Camb., and Mr. James T. Hunt, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, aged 19, attained the summit of Mont Blanc the 5th of August, 1846. They left the Hôtel de Londres about eight in the morning of the 4th, and arrived at the Grand Mulets soon after three P.M., where they rested, but could not sleep for the fleas and avalanches. At two A.M. they left the rock amidst frequent flashes of lightning from the distance, arrived at the Grand Plateau about seven, and at the summit at half-past eleven in a high wind. By this time two of the

guides had fallen off. They stayed at the summit half an hour, and returned by the Grands Mulets to Chamonix, where they arrived about half-past nine, after nineteen hours of walking, part of the time up to their middles in snow. This was Coutet's twelfth ascent, and he thinks his last. The wonder is that all the time only three lives and two feet have been lost," &c. There is a notice of a "subsequent confinement of four days from bad eyes and faces."

Such are among the results of an expedition to the summit of Mont Blanc; and the real fact of the case is, that, except for some useful or scientific purpose, no one ought to undertake the ascent. If a traveller could go alone, the case would not be altered, because no one should expose even his own life and endanger his own health, without some adequate object in view. But the case is infinitely stronger. No one who ascends Mont Blanc *can* go alone. He must have several guides with him, and every ascent endangers *their* lives and health. The most interesting account of an ascent, not written with any scientific object, is certainly that of Mr. Auldjo, entitled a "Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc," published in 1838,

and embellished with drawings, which admirably illustrate the scenes and perils of the course. But it is painful to read in that book such a passage as this, illustrative of those feelings with which the guides' relations view the expedition, and no doubt with good reason :—

" Six o'clock was the time fixed for starting, and every man was desired to be in attendance before that hour, but I could not get them together at that time; most of them had to part from their wives and relations; when they did join us, it was with a *cortège*, some crying, some upbraiding me with tempting those who formed their only support to sacrifice themselves to my curiosity and pleasure; many a bitter tear flowed, and more than one heart waxed heavy, on the morning of the 8th."—P. 9. Thus the passage ends, so far as it refers to this part of the subject.

The first account of an ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc which I ever read, was that written by the Rev. J. Dornford, with much graphic ability. On the occasion described by him, three guides were lost. To the best of my remembrance, that expedition was made in company with Dr. Hamel, whose objects were, I believe, strictly of a scientific character.

At ten o'clock I left Chamonix for that true mountain excursion, a week's duration, in which I promised to myself so much interest and enjoyment. All who spoke to me on the plan, and were qualified as judges, concurred in representing the course as one which, in fine weather, was most delightful in every way. Some said that I should find strange quarters at one or two sleeping places,—*e.g.* Chapriu or Motet, for one of these must be chosen,—but I was too old a traveller to attach the slightest importance to any such alarmists. Besides which, I knew too well that when you descend from horseback, after a long day's ride, or rest your limbs at evening after a walk of many successive hours, the fare and the bed, which to one quitting the soft cushions of a carriage might seem distasteful, are very differently viewed. On one thing, however, I was determined, that was, not to attempt any laborious feats; and therefore, in arranging for my journey, I impressed on my guide that I would have no "*courses extraordinaires,*" and that I should prefer sleeping at any place whatsoever, whether in a chalet or anywhere else, to making any of those severe journeys which some have to repent of so long. Accordingly, my

expedition was so arranged and divided, that no day was to be at all exhausting, or beyond ordinary powers to accomplish with full ease.

On leaving the town we passed several of my guide's friends, neighbours, or acquaintances, who gave him a kind of farewell salutation. I asked him why they did this to-day more than on the two previous days, when I had seen nothing of the kind occur. "Oh," said he, "from my having the bag they know that I am going on a long course." My companion was in high spirits, and very courteous to all who addressed him. He seemed much to enjoy setting out. Like all men of any energy in their calling or profession, he evidently liked his work *for the work's sake*, and *to be employed* seemed ample gratification. This is by no means a full or stirring year as to travellers at Chamonix, or on any part of the Continent which I have yet passed through; and the number of English visitors is peculiarly small in comparison with that of ordinary years. I have previously stated the apparent reasons why it is so; and such being the fact, each engagement of the guides is more than usually acceptable.

My companion gave me some information

about the corps or body of Chamonix guides, and about himself in particular—all in answer to my inquiries. I understood that there were sixty guides, all enrolled, and under the superintendence of government. About 150 mules were also employed during the summer in the service of travellers. All the guides were under the direction of one *chef*, or head guide; and the most strict surveillance was maintained over the whole body. Penalties are inflicted for any impropriety committed: as, for instance, if a guide should drink too much wine while officially engaged, he loses some turns: if once intoxicated, he is struck off the list. The same penalty is incurred should any accident happen to a traveller in any way through his neglect, or should he offer any insult to those under his charge.

My guide then told me his own manner of life, and his different occupations. During the summer he pursued that avocation in which he was now engaged. In winter he employed himself in polishing the horns of the chamois, for which there was always a very ready sale, partly to travellers in the summer, but more steadily and abundantly for the French market, a great number of these articles being used in that

country for various ornamental purposes. Besides these engagements, he had a little land and three cows, which gave some employment and additional means of living to himself and his family. His age was forty-seven; and he told me that he was always busy, very content, and very happy.

We soon passed the Glacier des Bossons. Looking up at it in the direction where it narrowed into a kind of *waist*, I asked my guide how long it would take to cross it there, imagining that one might step over it in about five minutes. "It would occupy at least half an hour," was the answer. So much do the objects still deceive the eye, and so little can I, as yet, realize their magnitude.

The rivers, streams, and waterfalls, are very much swollen by the heat of the last few days and the consequent melting of the snow. This is very manifest on all sides. A road, along which I passed quite dryshod on Thursday last, was by Saturday evening so covered with the risen waters of the neighbouring river, that I was obliged to diverge into the adjoining field in order to pass by.

After a walk, called here a two hours' walk,

but of such short hours that, without hurrying at all, I accomplished it in an hour and a half, we reached the village called Les Ouches, our way thus far being on the highroad to Servoz, Sallenches, and Geneva. At this point we struck up, by a narrow path to the left, into the stunted wood scattered over the steep height, which it was needful to ascend. Trees and passing clouds tempered the heat of the sun; and this relief was very acceptable, as, with the exception of two or three verdant little opening plains, the course was one of rather laborious climbing, until we reached the "Pavillon," another of those small and most acceptable reception-houses, which are built and maintained most opportunely for travellers throughout this country, at points of view and in remarkable localities, far above the haunts and habitations of the ordinary life of man.

The view from this height is superb. Turning and looking back in the direction which the traveller from Chamonix has just left, it presents to you the course of two deep and most interesting valleys, stretching out with their long arms like a Y, of which you occupy a point a little behind the cleft. To the right you have a

far-stretching view of the valley of Chamonix, with its torrent, its glaciers, its villages, cultivated fields, and those vast precipitous sides, which are nothing less than the loftiest mountains of Europe; while, on the left, the same valley bends round towards Servoz, Sallenches, Cluses, and Geneva. The intermediate space between these two valleys is occupied by an indescribable variety of attractive or sublime objects. In front are woods, and villages, and meadows, and gardens, and orchards, and cornfields. Behind these are hills of more moderate dimensions; and backing these are grey, inaccessible ridges and peaks, such as the Rochers des Fis, and Les Sommites des Frétes, on the left; and on the right, the mighty Buet—that haunt of the chamois — spreads towards the canopy of heaven its interminable beds of snow.

I was the first visitor who had arrived this day, and received at once the most obliging attention. The owner resided in a neighbouring chalet, as this building was merely constructed of two rooms: one above, for the guests, surrounded by a rude balcony, and entered by a door from outside; one below, in which the culinary proceedings went on. The owner, his

wife, a fine active little boy (who had just brought up a stock of bread from the valley), and my guide, all immediately exerted themselves to provide me with requisite refreshment, and the table was soon spread with bread, butter, honey, wine, and an omelette. My guide recommended to me warm wine and water, as the most refreshing and beneficial drink which could possibly be taken on these ascents. He said that travellers try all sorts of things in order to assuage their thirst, which is of course considerable; especially cold liquids, as milk and water, and unmixed wine, and spirits and water, &c.; but, from his own experience, he recommended that which I have mentioned above. It must be remembered that the wine of this country is very weak indeed, compared with the wines best known in England. I followed his advice, and I think with benefit. To ascertain the best and most appropriate relief of thirst is of no slight importance to the pedestrian traveller on such excursions as these. I may here, however, add, that while in active and continued progress, I found no harm whatsoever from the most free and copious draughts at the cold, clear streams of water ever sparkling around the path of the traveller in this

land. Observe, I say *while in active motion;* because I have understood that the most dangerous consequences would in all probability ensue if water was thus drunk *previous* to remaining still and inactive.

On leaving the "Pavillon" inn, or reception-house, the owners, with an apologizing tone of inquiry, asked whether two francs would be too much. I assured them that I thought very much otherwise, and rather felt myself under obligation to them for taking such pains to supply me with means of repose and refreshment on such a locality, than that they were under obligations to me, according to their simple but courteous expressions. But, once for all I may observe, that, whatever books and travellers may say, honesty and moderation of charge is the general rule, and anything of a contrary nature quite the exception. I can scarcely understand what would satisfy complainers. The traveller in Switzerland finds his dinner cost about two shillings in small places, and between three and four at large table-d'hôtes, provided with all sorts of luxuries. His bed costs two francs; tea or coffee and bread and butter, one franc and a half; breakfast, the same; and a franc a night is the sum frequently put in

the bill for the attendance of all the servants—it is never more. Of course mules, guides, and carriages, and expensive wines, &c. &c., will cause increased expenditure, just in proportion as they are used at all or used in a costly manner; but the sum which of necessity goes into the pockets of the landlords for the maintenance of the traveller in Switzerland, is evidently, from the above statement, not more than eight or nine shillings a-day. And it must be remembered, too, that the season in which the inn or hotel-keepers can hope to realize any profit is not more than three or four months at the utmost; so that what is gained during this period must support the expense of their establishments during the whole year. These facts considered, the wonder is that the traveller is entertained and received so cheaply, as well as so satisfactorily in all other respects.

At about three o'clock, we left this lofty ridge, which is called the Col de Vosa, and began our descent towards Contamines, where I intended to sleep. We soon dived down into some very wild and delightful scenery, winding our way among the knotted roots of old and stunted, but still very leafy pines, close opposite a glacier

with its accompanying ridges of ice, and moraine of rock, stone, and earth, the bleak and precipitous face of a mountain hanging just in front of the traveller, and pushing itself forward, as it were to forbid all thought of access or advance thitherward. All this was seen, as I have described, from amidst the pine-grove, and from a knoll where turf of the most velvety softness fell and sprung beneath the tread of our feet. The remarkable contrast of the two opposite localities gave an extreme peculiarity to the scene. On one side all was shelter and verdure, and the attractiveness of those gentler features of foreground which Switzerland possesses so abundantly; on the opposite side all was savage, bleak, threatening, appalling to the eye. One side would win and allure us to stay in its precincts; the other would forbid and repel any acquaintance at all with its stern locality.

In about ten minutes after leaving the "Pavillon" I felt a sultriness of the atmosphere, which caused me to anticipate a speedy storm; and looking up to the sky I saw it was rapidly gathering. Not five minutes more had elapsed when a few heavy drops began to fall. The clouds grew suddenly black, and seemed to

drop close around us. All at once a sharp flash of lightning crossed us, and a tremendous clap of thunder echoed above our heads. The rain began immediately to descend in a profuse torrent, and the lightning continued to glance and blaze about us, and the thunder rolled, and roared, and cracked in every direction, sometimes from the top of this mountain, and sometimes from the top of that, sometimes before us, and sometimes behind us, and sometimes as if it were environing us altogether by a circling atmosphere of thrilling and reverberating sound. These accompaniments to our walk, as well as the profuse rain, continued, with more or less activity and violence, until we reached Contamines, where we were to pass the night. We were, of course, soon and thoroughly wet through, but this was of no consequence whatever, as we had so soon an opportunity to change and make ourselves comfortable. Such a wetting in the early part of the day is as objectionable as it is unimportant at its close.

The fact of our encountering this storm so speedily after leaving the place of our midday rest, proves the extreme uncertainty of the weather in these Alpine regions, and the impos-

sibility of forming any sure judgment as to its approaching character. From some signs which, as a mere inexperienced stranger, I myself observed in the atmosphere, I inquired both of the guide and of the owner of the "Pavillon," (just when leaving that place, and certainly not twenty minutes before the storm began,) whether the fine weather was likely to continue. The guide answered me in the affirmative without the least hesitation, and the other individual in question quite corroborated his statement, adding that the barometer still kept up. Guide, mountaineer, and barometer, were all proved utterly in error before half an hour had elapsed.

Our course was through Le Champel (into which we descended from the steeps and woods above), and along a valley richly decked with cultivated fields, orchards, and numerous cottages, until we came into the narrow road leading from St. Gervais into these mountain defiles.

Along the side of this road, at certain intervals, not very far distant from one another, were little chapels, somewhat in shape and size like sentry-boxes, with the side facing the road open to the gaze of the traveller, but with a lattice across the open space. At each of these my

guide respectfully touched his hat. They contained small rude images, and inscriptions of varied character, but most of them highly objectionable. In one was a figure of the Virgin Mary, crowned herself, but holding in her arms a figure of the infant Jesus *uncrowned.* The diadem of glory was in the wrong place, and this single arrangement, continually and perpetually seen in Romish countries, is in itself no inadequate concentration of the false tenets of the Romish Church on the grand question involved. Not only do they divide their adoration, and share it between the Lord Jesus Christ on the one hand, and the Virgin Mary and the Saints on the other; but the highest, and most frequent, and most ardent worship is practically given to the Mother of our Lord, and not to our Lord Himself. In the multitude of churches which I have visited abroad, I have invariably found the chapel dedicated to the Virgin more crowded with votaries than any other in the sacred edifices; and if it were not a subject too long for these pages, and one which I had no other means of illustrating elsewhere,* I could

* I refer to numerous passages in my work, entitled "Travels in France and Spain;" also to my Tract, entitled "The Church of

give a multitude of testimonies corroborating what I say—as, indeed, could any one else who has

England justified in the continuance of its Protest against Rome," published as one of the Winchester collection, called "Tracts for Churchmen," a series of which, 17 or 18 Numbers, have already appeared, and which I can safely recommend for perusal and circulation. There is a passage of Scripture setting forth in a very strong light the mischief of allowing images, and similar helps or adjuncts towards the worship of God, of which much use has not been hitherto made, as condemnatory of the system, and as manifesting its deadly and destructive consequences. The passage to which I allude is the seventeenth chapter of Judges. For its application to the purpose in view, some close attention is undoubtedly requisite. It must be remembered, that the chapter in question describes matters connected with the Israelites, antecedent to those subjects detailed in the previous part of the book. Under Joshua we see "the blessing attending union founded on truly religious principles; the tribes acting together under the command of Joshua, and in the fear of God, were irresistible. The Book of Judges shows the reverse of this." Idolatry was introduced by the dishonest, superstitious, self-willed, and disobedient Micah; and a consequent corruption of God's worship, and of social manners also, ensued—illustrated by the horrible conduct of the Gibeonites, and, indeed, of the whole course of the history contained in this Book. The will-worship of Micah, and the setting up of his image, seems very likely to have been the floodgate by which so much evil flowed in upon the nation. Nicholls, in that most valuable book, the "Help to the Reading of the Bible," acutely, and as a sound and able student of Scripture, says on this passage, "Observe how idolatry began in the worship of the true God by an image, by one who thought he had the sanction of God's providence for what he did, (xvii. 13). It, however, soon spread from one family to the whole tribe of Dan, where it continued for more than 300 years (xviii. 30, 31, with 1 Sam. iv. 'the captivity of the land' referring to the taking of the Ark). Thus deceitful is sin: thus rapid its progress."—P. 162.

attended to this subject at all, who has had opportunities of practically investigating the matter, and who has used those opportunities with an unprejudiced love of the scripture and of truth.

It was beautifully expressed by M'Neile in one of his condensed and weighty sayings, that "We call her (the Virgin Mary) blessed, and so far we fulfil the prophecy, that all generations should call her blessed; but it is one thing to 'call her blessed,' and another thing to ask her to bless us."

The inscription attached to the figures of the Virgin and her Child was of a different spirit:—"Jésus et Marie, priez pour nous."

In another of these little way-side chapels was an inscription of a more peculiar character, which I copy out—

"MONSEIGNEUR LOUIS RENDUM,
ACCORDE 40 JOURS
D'INDULGENCE À QUICONQUE
RECITERA UN PATER ET UN
AVE MARIA DEVANT CET
ORATOIRE."

I suppose that Monseigneur Louis Rendum, with his "mouth speaking these great things,"

and daring to grant his indulgences, is the bishop of the diocese in which this locality is placed.

Although this valley was rich and highly cultivated, yet from the multitude of small residences on all sides I could not imagine how all its inhabitants could derive a living from the soil. Accordingly I made some inquiry on the subject from my guide. He at once cleared up the difficulty, by informing me that, as the Auvergnats of France migrate to Paris for work, and as the Swiss pastrycooks are to be found all over Europe, so the system of emigration was peculiarly prevalent throughout this valley; and instead of the number of the inhabitants surpassing the means of employment, the case was just of an opposite description. There were, in fact, scarcely enough of grown-up men or working lads to cultivate the soil at all, and to do the needful and manual work connected with the claims of social and industrial life. The young men went off to Paris for employment directly they arrived at a sufficient age to obtain it there. Most of them, indeed all of them, had friends or relatives in that city, who introduced them into good and desirable situations;

and being industrious, they generally prospered and grew rich, or at least arrived at comfortable circumstances. During my walk I saw some dark-featured Italians; and inquiring what brought them into these precincts, I was told that they came up from the south to burn charcoal, in lack of natives to carry on the work.

The inn at Contamines is of an humble character, but the kindness and alacrity of its hostess made ample amends for any deficiencies in luxurious accommodation. The thunder, lightning, and rain continued for some hours after my arrival; and the room in which I sat, as the solitary guest in the house, was every now and then filled with a bright and sudden flood of sheet-lightning, while the thunder cracked and re-echoed among the mountains, (which close in both the sides of this valley,) and up the narrow dark defile leading to the Col de Bonhomme. The rain fell all the while with heavy unremitted pour. There was something to me solemn and impressive in the whole scene from the first moment that the storm began; and this was in no slight measure enhanced by its long duration; but I cannot say that it conveyed to me any sense of danger beyond that attending a

protracted and violent thunder-storm, either in our own or in any other land. I must, however, add, that I have seen thunder-storms among the Pyrenees far more appalling than any in a flat country—storms in which the lightning literally seemed to flood momentarily the earth, and to "run along the ground" like the fire mentioned in one of the Egyptian plagues.

My journey of to-day occupied seven hours and a half, including a rest of nearly an hour on the Col de Vosa. The guide and I retired early to bed, but in consequence of the cloudy darkness and the rain, with very gloomy forebodings as to progress on the morrow. I agreed with him to call me at five o'clock, if the weather was adequately fine for us to proceed on our journey, but, if otherwise, not to trouble himself with calling me at all: as, in that case, my own hour of awaking would answer in all respects.

CHAPTER XV.

DAWN — MORNING WALK — MOUNTAIN GORGE — TORRENT — COMPARISON — CONSULTATION — WEATHER — OUR PROGRESS — THE ASCENT — COL DE BONHOMME — WILD PATH — GUIDE'S STORY — THE PATH — PERILS AND DEATHS — DESCENT — CATTLE — CHAPRIU — MY LODGING — MY HOSTESS — ITALIANS — AN ARRIVAL — A DERIVATION.

Tuesday, July 20th.—Punctually at five this morning my guide was at my door with the sharp double-knock known so well at foreign inns, and though not sounding very courteous, still excused as necessary for awakening the traveller from his sleep, and arousing him to a due sense of departing steamboat, diligence, or any other conveyance. The politeness of my guide a little moderated the rap, and soon he added, "Il fait beau temps, Monsieur. Nous pouvons continuer notre voyage." "Vraiment?" said I, remembering the state of the weather last night, and at the first moment of wakening (thus early and after some fatigue) not altogether entering into the full gratification which the news deserved

—"Vraiment? Etes-vous sûr, mon ami?" "Ah! oui, Monsieur." "Allons," said I, and immediately began to dress myself.

The morning was very pleasant, though there was evidently some uncertainty regarding the future prospects of the day as to weather. I walked on directly I was ready, leaving the guide to follow; and as I intended to breakfast at Nant Bourant, we were to hold a consultation at that place as to the expediency of continuing our journey across the Col de Bonhomme. I shall not anticipate subsequent descriptions by noticing here the character of this pass, farther than to observe that it is an expedition which must not be presumptuously engaged in; so much so, that in Murray's Handbook it is said positively, that "the journey should never be undertaken but in fine weather, or with a good prospect of it." I cannot exactly say, as will by-and-bye appear, that we followed this advice. But we should have acted otherwise, had there been ladies in our party, or any of weakly frame, liable to suffer much from exposure to inclement weather. It is not a thing which I myself dread in the least. Two or three days of hot rooms and of easy-chair indulgence would do me more harm than

any exposure to weather which I have ever been subjected to.

Pursuing my way by a narrowing valley—a true "*vallis reducta*"—which gradually took the darker and more picturesque features of a wooded and rocky defile, leading into the very heart of the mountains, I passed a little church, very sweetly and cheerfully situated, called Notre Dame de la Gorge, from its being at the bottom of the gorge, or defile, to which I have just alluded. Here the meadows ended, any breadth of flat ground being henceforward denied them by the enclosing steeps. A torrent runs along between this church and the road which I was pursuing; but I should have crossed the wooden bridge by which it is spanned, and examined the attractive precinct opposite a little more at leisure, had I not had a long day's work before me, making me unwilling to expend any needless exertion at the beginning of my course. I had now to pursue a very singular road—if road it might be called—and yet it deserved the appellation, for it was much broader and more brought into form than a common mule-track, and evidently had had much labour employed upon it at some time or another. It was, however, a mere

succession of slabs of rock, some being the genuine and natural foundation, and others (in some instances of very large size) added, as occasion required, in order to form the causeway as a passable track. Altogether I should think it a very difficult ascent for mules, or rather, perhaps, dangerous than difficult, as it was not so remarkable for its steepness, or other ordinary contingencies of Swiss passes in general, as for the extreme slipperiness, and absence of any good footing on its surface, often for an extent of three or four steps at a time.

However, to the pedestrian the way was as good as could be desired. Beautiful, too, was the locality through which it led. I allude chiefly to the character of the foreground. On the left was a sloping, verdant, park-like glade, on which the trees were intermingled with herbage-covered rocks of every imaginable form. On the right were dense woods, thickly clothing the opposite and ascending bank, above a rushing torrent, which was deeply sunk in a fissured channel of rock. The road led along the border of this torrent. At intervals the stream was visible, leaping and foaming, and plunging about in its constrained course—almost with one succession

of cascades. At one place it was spanned by a wooden bridge of the very frailest character, which vibrated and shook with no little bend and agitation as I walked, though very warily and gently, upon it. Its frailty and its wild position over the raging current looked somewhat appalling, as I subsequently viewed it from a bend in the way. The trees on each side had prevented me from having any side view before.

A little farther the traveller arrives at the stone bridge, which he crosses on approaching Nant Bourant,—a name given to the small cluster of chalets and the inn, where it is usual to stop, as the last reception-house before crossing the Col de Bonhomme. Looking perpendicularly down from this stone bridge into the raging current far and deep below, you have no unsatisfactory representation, in miniature, of the Via Mala—I believe the most remarkable scene of the kind which all Europe affords. For those not acquainted with its grand features, I may mention that its chief characteristics are, depth below, height above, and contraction of the steep on both sides. In the little miniature gorge, which I have here ventured to compare with Switzerland's most wondrous pass, the features above you are altogether wanting.

My guide did not catch me up until I had entered the inn, and was sitting down to breakfast in a little square apartment, at the end of a rude open balcony, by which it was joined to the dwelling-house of the owner. The rain had now begun to fall very heavily. Clouds gathered darkly, and all looked unfavourable for our progress. The guide came in to hold a consultation as to future proceedings. He had evidently no inclination for ascending or descending the Col de Bonhomme in unfavourable weather, and at one time said that he thought our journey of this day must end where we were. Afterwards, in consequence of some more favourable signs, he seemed inclined to advance, and he left it to me to decide on the matter. I said that I was perfectly ready to go on or to stay where I was, but that I considered him the *chef* as to determining finally on all such matters. He thanked me for this, and said it was very pleasant to be with a traveller who acted on this principle. One observation of his was certainly not very encouraging. After stringing together a list of Alpine horrors, and heaping up a kind of *sorites* of contingencies much to be deprecated (including hail-storms, and fogs not unlikely to render the track difficult,

if not impossible, to find), he concluded with observing, half dolefully, half cheerfully, "Mais, Monsieur, ce qui me console est que nous n'avons pas à craindre aujourd'hui une tourmente." The turn of expression, "*ce qui me console*," was rather expressive of unsatisfactory views as to the signs of the weather, and of its being needful to find *some consolation* under the threatened but unknown circumstances likely to be met with ere the conclusion of the day.

These doubts were expressed and these consultations went on at intervals during about an hour of rain, heavy at times, but intermitted, and occasionally (by increasing light), giving hopes of very decided improvement. At the end of this time the rain ceased altogether, and the guide said to me, that although he still thought it very probable that we should not be able, with any due prudence, to accomplish the pass, still if I would consent either to return hither in case of unfavourable appearances as we ascended higher, or to stop for the night at the last chalet met with on approaching the summit of the pass, then he would have no objection to proceed, in hopes, but not with any certainty, of crossing the Col. I said that I would engage to put myself

altogether under his orders for the day, and answered to his cheerful summons, "Bien, Monsieur; allons," by paying at once for my breakfast, and proceeding with him up the steep, along which we were bound.

We had not proceeded many hundred yards before we met with a foreign gentleman, accompanied by his guide. They were both mounted on mules, and looked most uncomfortable objects, shining all over, and dripping with wet. The gentleman was chilled and dispirited, and said that he wished me a better passage than he had experienced, having been "terriblement grêlé," or hailed on. This was not encouraging; but the weather was now adequately fine, and we proceeded onwards, leaving at some distance the chalets of Mont-Joie, which were to have been and still might be our resource for the night, in case of repulse by snow, fog, or storm The scene here was gloriously wild; an immensely long basin or valley, into which the Glacier de Trelaulai descends, stretching back to the left, bounded by some of Mont Blanc's most inaccessible ridges and peaks. Still, however, there were ample pasturages in the immediate foreground, and we were soon to exchange the scene

for one immeasurably wilder, taking into consideration the whole of its features, both far and near.

After crossing a small rushing torrent, we ascended to the left by a track-way only just affording an adequate footing for man and beast. Our line was up a narrow ridge, and this not of rock, or of any soil affording a firm foundation, but of a crumbling and very loose nature. Up this we went, along a short zigzag course of very contracted turns. The dark colour of the soil, the heavy and gloomy sky above our heads, the sight of thick clouds, rising from the valley whence we had just emerged, and seeming to pursue us, together with a sharp wind, which now began to be felt, rendered our progress anything but cheerful and inspiriting for about an hour. Soon, however, we were at the summit of the pass; and though the blast just at the culminating point was very cold and cutting, we were thankful to meet neither fog, nor hail, nor snow, nor any real impediment to our progress (a circumstance which had not been at all unlikely); and the guide, in high spirits, said, "Nous pouvons continuer, Monsieur;" adding, that the cloud pursuing us up the moun-

tain was quite a favourable sign. He certainly seemed by no means inclined to incur any peril or exposure at this point of our journey, and altogether spoke of the Col de Bonhomme with considerable awe, when telling of it as traversed under any unfavourable circumstances. Before I have concluded my observations of this day, I think that I shall prove such apprehensions by no means unfounded, and only proceeding from sound judgment and that experimental acquaintance with the terrors of nature, during inclement weather, in some of these mountains, which none excepting the inhabitants can possess.

On arriving at this height, the prospect in front of us was far more clear and more open to our view than we had reason to expect from all that we had experienced in ascending the steep on the other side. Valleys, of a depth and extent inconceivable, and certainly indescribable, stretched far and free in every direction; while mountains of vast dimensions, rearing and tossing their pinnacles, horns, and peaks to the very loftiest height, alternately drew down the gaze of the eye into the depths below, or raised it upwards towards the clouds and the sky. Nothing which I have hitherto witnessed in Switzerland

struck me as more sublime; and I see that this feeling and opinion is shared by the author of the "Handbook," who, describing the spectacle from this crest, says, that "these glorious scenes of Alpine valleys, with the thousand peaks which crest the chains of mountains that divide them, offer displays of Alpine scenery nowhere surpassed."

But the coldness of the wind, and the prospect of having this glorious scene before us for some time, soon led us to proceed on our way. After passing the wooden cross erected at the summit of the pass, we turned to the left along a path which admits no impressions of wear so as to mark it out, or define it, viz. a long-continued succession of dark brown rock, bare and rugged as rock could possibly be. The path here, trod as it has been for centuries, and trod as it is by man and mule, lies along such a hard substance, that in many places it is only just visible, and requires attention not to lose it altogether. We traversed also a considerable quantity of snow, although not in such a state as to cause the least impediment in the way. A line of wooden poles (all, I believe, formerly crosses, but now many of them dismantled of

the transverse piece by the weather), was erected along the trackway, in order to form a series of directions, but these were so "few and far between" (not being more, I should think, than about twenty in the whole), as to be almost useless in a fog. Nevertheless when snow might be on the ground, and as guides to those who might be inexperienced in the way, they must prove of frequent and valuable service. There are here no precipices, nor is there any thing whatever like dangerous ground of that character, and therefore the question may very fairly be asked, "In what does the peril of such a pass consist?" This I shall now endeavour to answer, giving some instances and illustrations.

There may be, first of all, danger to any one encountering the pass either too early or too late in the year, when the snow is lying deep on the ground without presenting a hard, beaten, or frozen surface, on which to tread. Now when it is remembered that for many miles in the wildest and loftiest part of this transit, there is no dwelling of man—no, not even a chalet—nor even any hut of stones as a shelter (such as you meet in so many passes of the Swiss mountains) it will be at once evident that life may be endangered, and

might very probably be lost, from the mere exhaustion of struggling for hours through the snow, without any place of repose or refreshment into which to retreat. The animal frame of the very strongest man, imprudently making such an attempt, might sink under the fatigue. Such is one of the perils which this pass presents, but rather to the inhabitants of the country than to foreign travellers, none of whom would be likely to traverse the Col at such inapt seasons; and even to the inhabitants, only in case of very evident imprudence. My companion, however, was one who had himself committed just this imprudence—certainly under very strong temptation. He seemed, as I noticed before, to have a very feeling and reverential awe of this particular locality. During the day no inadequate cause came to light. On passing a certain spot, he seriously and solemnly observed, "I was very near losing my life on the very spot where we are now." I, of course, asked him to tell me how and when. "Oh," said he, "when I was a very young man. And it was entirely my own fault. C'était une enfantillage—(*i.e.* a piece of childish folly.) I had been compelled to serve as a soldier, and I was far away, when the term of

my service was concluded, and I had leave to return to my parents and my home. So eager was I to get home, that, in company with two or three other young men, I attempted this pass as the shortest cut to Chamonix too late in the season, when I ought to have gone a safer but more circuitous route; and on this spot I was very near perishing by exhaustion from the fatigue of toiling through the deep snow. Of course I cannot forget it, nor the goodness of God in reviving and sustaining me till I was safely on the other side."

Other perils are more intimately connected with travellers from foreign lands: but all, I think, have reference to inability of body to sustain exhaustion of frame and inclement weather. Such perils might be met with even in the middle of the summer, should a fog so obscure the air as to make it impossible rightly to pursue the path or track. Once lost, it would, under such circumstances, be almost impossible to find it again; and, though before reaching the locality, I boldly talked to the guide of taking some bread and wine, and means of striking a light, in case we should have to spend our night under a rock on the Col (a proposition for which, by the bye,

he showed no very evident relish), yet, after having once been on the spot, I must say that I can recall few scenes where a sojourn of many successive hours would be less desirable, amidst the rain, and the blast, and the hail, and the snow, to all of which, even in summer, these heights are liable.

Fatigue too, and exhaustion, even in the travelling season and in the very light of day, have proved the cause of death in this region. It will probably be known to most persons, who have made this expedition, that on one day two Englishmen lost their lives here. This calamity happened early in the month of September, 1830, and various accounts of this distressing event have been published, including a few lines on the subject in Murray's Handbook. My guide stated the circumstances to me as I here briefly relate them.

Three Englishmen were passing the Col de Bonhomme, under the guidance of Balmat, (who, I believe, is now the *chef des guides* at Chamonix,) when, on this side of the pass, they encountered a violent snow-storm. The chill and the exhaustion which ensued, so completely overcame them, that, in spite of the efforts of the

guide, (which, I heard, were those of a man both mentally and physically qualified to do all which a single individual could achieve,) one of them sank exhausted, and died in the upper part of the mountain. The others, of necessity, and in order, if possible, to save their lives, pressed on, but a second, whose spirit had been much overcome by the sight of his perishing friend, also dropped with fatigue, shortly before reaching the chalets above Chapriu. One of the travellers, together with the guide, survived, and the former bore ample testimony to the faithful and devoted energy with which Balmat exerted himself under the appalling circumstances in which he was placed. In consequence he incurred no blame whatever, but on the contrary was held to deserve rather honour and praise.

The descent into Chapriu was extremely long and abrupt—in some cases like a continual steep staircase of broken and rocky ledge, in descending which our course was rather that of successive jumps than any thing like ordinary steps. Although I found myself this day thoroughly at ease in walking—more so, indeed, than on any previous excursion, through diminished heat and increased practice—and was not in the least

fatigued until I began to accomplish this descent, still before I had nearly concluded it, I experienced some of that aching in the joints of the knee, and bruising of the sole of the foot, which is perhaps familiar to all travellers under similar circumstances. Accordingly, though not suffering the slightest general fatigue, I was by no means sorry to reach Chapriu, where I was to pass the night. I do not remember any thing to be noticed on the latter part of the excursion, except the richness of the pasture, and the assemblage of 150 small cows at some chalets on the way, which were nothing more nor less than a cheese factory, for making an article similar to that known by us as Gruyère cheese. The cows were all of a dun colour, shaded with black, and were beautiful high-bred animals.

Nothing can be more humble and simple than the reception-house for travellers at Chapriu. To call it an inn would be quite a misnomer, and would give no idea of the place to an English reader. Imagine a few plainly built, and low houses in the very bottom and depth of a valley, so torn and ravaged by torrents, that, although there is a considerable space of flat ground nigh, between the precipitous mountains environing

the spot, still all is stony, shingly, desolate, and bare. Imagine one of these houses, considerably smaller than the rest, into which you enter by a stone staircase of six or seven outside steps, somewhat like the horse-block which used to be seen at the door of our English inns. The building has but one story, and that very low, a cellar for wine and other goods requiring to be kept cool, making up the remainder of the edifice. When you enter, you find the place to be one of white-washed walls and unpainted deal, divided into four small compartments, the two inner ones provided with beds. I was a little surprised on receiving the information that I was to be quite alone in the house during the night, but was told that I should be perfectly safe, and that this was the usual arrangement, as the people who attended to the travellers lived, cooked, and received their poorer order of guests in another dwelling. I have described the locality, not in the least with a view to disparage it, or to speak of it as otherwise than quite good enough for any pedestrian or mule-carried traveller. No other visitors are likely to come hither ; so that all who arrive will come duly prepared to welcome refreshment and repose such as they may have here.

This reception-house belonged to some orphan children, and was managed by a stirring and obliging woman, who told me that she was both "servante et maîtresse," by which I believe she meant, that every thing connected with the place depended entirely on herself, but at the same time she was under the orders of the owners' family. She showed towards me that extreme kindness and alacrity so often displayed by females of all climes and ranks, directly they are called to the duties of hospitality. Rebekah, in the Scriptures, is a beautiful example of this spirit. The moment my hostess appeared, in answer to the summons of my guide, she made a most courteous apology for the want of better lodging in which to receive and entertain me, begging me to remember, as a justification, that I was in the midst of the mountains and not in a grand city. However, she did not squander her energies in mere talk, but immediately proceeded to do all in her power to render me comfortable, and, first of all, proposed for my choice two or three kinds of beverages, as immediate refreshment after my walk. She added, however, that she would have my dinner ready very soon. Then, notwithstanding my repeated

assurances that I should be "*bien content*" with any single dish of meat which she could most easily provide, she began her various culinary labours with the utmost energy and zeal, so that before long, in this wild locality, where I should have thought bread and an omelette, or one plate of meat, an ample and appropriate supply, she placed before me vermicelli soup, roast veal, pork, vegetables, fritters, the freshest butter, cheese, and excellent wine. As she put successively these dishes on the table, she apologized for all deficiencies, and begged me again to be so kind as to remember that I was not "dans une grande ville."

Truly I should be ungrateful to complain of Swiss or Piedmontese conduct towards travellers. I have certainly experienced the utmost kindness and courtesy in this land, while no attempt whatever at imposition has occurred, or anything like a want of integrity or truth, in any other matter.

On my first arrival here it appeared probable that my sojourn for the night might be rather too solitary; but now another and a very opposite contingency appeared in the horizon, only, however, to be dissipated at once. News had arrived

that a magistrate of high authority in these districts would very probably arrive before long, in order to pass the night at Chapriu; and hints were given that there might be such a pressure of guests that I might be called upon to give one of them a share of my bed! To this proposition I responded with a declaration in which it was evidently seen that there could be "no mistake," (according to the English adage of the day,) and said that I would not hear of such a thing, and that such an arrangement was perfectly out of the question. My hostess at once allowed that nothing of the kind should be proposed again. She saw, I suppose, that I should prefer boards, or even Jacob's lodging, to any such partnership.

Ultimately, however, no magistrate or accompanying suite arrived, but two wild-looking Italians—bearers, I believe, of pedlars' goods, with which they were to ascend the pass on the morrow—were assigned to the sole other sleeping room in the building. I suppose that they had been considerably fatigued with their day's journey, as early in the evening I heard them snoring most audibly through the thin deal partition, and thus giving a token of a nightly chorus not to be anticipated with much satisfaction. However, all

such matters were very indifferent to me, trusting, as I did, to my own walk as a means of ensuring unbroken rest, under any such circumstances which could possibly arise. Matters were, however, to be altogether different as to the night's lodging; for, as the evening began to close in, a light, agile young man, with a knapsack in his hand, stepped into the room. I guessed him at once to be an Englishman, as he was, and he told me that he had just descended from the Col de Bonhomme alone. It was, however, his second expedition over the same pass, and that would remove all hazard in the proceeding during weather not specially disadvantageous. He was a thorough mountaineer, capable of much work, and more experienced in expeditions of the kind than any traveller whom I have hitherto met with.

Just as he first entered the room, I was occupied in pondering a while over the total contrast to any scenes of his ordinary life, which the pedestrian traveller experiences when wandering, with his guide alone as his companion, in these wild mountains, and taking up his nightly abode in those singular localities where he sometimes reposes on his way.

We sat together during the remainder of the evening, over a very welcome fire, in the little room appointed for the reception of guests, and I found in the newly-arrived visitor a very pleasant and intelligent companion, whose society much relieved the dreariness of this gloomy spot. We agreed to proceed together on the morrow, as we were both going to Cormayeur, and I retired to bed much interested with the excursion of the day, and thankful for the freedom from that inclemency of weather which once seemed to threaten us, and to which no one who has ever crossed the Col de Bonhomme would, I think, wish to be exposed in such a locality. I asked the guide about the derivation of the name: he said it was so called because the pass bore such a character for danger, that it was not fit *for any but good men to cross*,—a curious and expressive remark, whether founded on fact or not.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORNING—COL DE LA SEIGNE—MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER—THE COL—MOUNTAIN TORRENT—GLACIERS—GLACIER DE BRENVA—BEAUTIFUL AVALANCHE—SCENE AROUND—CORMAYEUR—HOTEL GUESTS—ST. DIDIER—MONT BLANC—MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

Wednesday, July 21*st.*—We rose at about five this morning, breakfasted, and left Chapriu; and I can say for myself, without the least regret, or wish to revisit it, except as a matter of convenience. This did not at all arise from any lack of accommodation, but because, geographically speaking, the place is bare, gloomy, uninteresting, and so ravaged by torrents, that what had once been a fair meadow is now converted into a desolate flat, covered with stones and pulverized slate brought down from the neighbouring heights. On setting out we proceeded for a considerable distance along the straight valley which leads to the Col de la Seigne. On our way we passed the chalets of Motet, where there is also a small reception-house, convenient for those travellers who descend from the

Col de Bonhomme by a different path from that which we pursued. I am inclined to think that, on the whole, it is better to sleep at this place than to go to Chapriu—a point often questioned. I speak, however, without being acquainted with the nature of the track on descending the mountain. My guide seemed to have no preference for one before the other line. I understood that by sleeping at Motet the journey is a little lengthened on the day of passing the Col de Bonhomme, but shortened *altogether*, as the distance from Chapriu to Motet occupies nearly two hours, and there is by no means that difference in the two paths from the Col to Chapriu or Motet respectively. The accommodations at each place are discussed in the Handbook. I tried the one, and looked at the other; there appeared to me but little grounds of choice—certainly not enough to overbalance any reasons for decision connected with weather or fatigue.

From Motet commences the ascent of the Col de la Seigne. It presents no kind of difficulty, and neither on ascending, nor on the summit of the pass, nor in descending, did there appear to me any portion whatever of those marks and characteristics whence the Col de Bonhomme

derived, in my mind, its perilous aspect and features, always supposing adverse circumstances in the case. Accordingly, I feel quite surprised at the account of the expedition, written in Mr. Brockedon's "Passes of the Alps," and quoted in Murray's Handbook. It did not appear to me that there was anything really dangerous to encounter in the whole way from Chapriu to Cormayeur, a journey, I believe, of seven hours and a half. Certainly I observed no places whatever where riders would experience any ground more difficult to traverse than that universally met with in Switzerland; for instance, in the ordinary excursions at Chamonix—and for a very large proportion of the journey all is quite easy and smooth.

It occupied us three hours and a half to reach from Chapriu the Col de la Seigne. We went very leisurely; according to the saying of my new companion, "Plus on est accoutumé aux montagnes, plus on va doucement en montant," an observation heartily re-echoed by the guide, who seemed to have a great respect for his power, and experience as a mountaineer. "The moment," said he to me, "that I saw him come into the inn last night, I saw that he was one well accus-

tomed to the mountains. Look how he walks!" and then he imitated his gait, "which was one," he said, "evidently showing not only much practice, but also a frame highly adapted to pedestrian exertion."

In very clear weather you enjoy from this point a glorious view of Mont Blanc, bordering on the left the deep valley de l'Allée Blanche, with its long line of peaks, snowy beds, glaciers, and mighty precipices, sweeping down in many places in a perpendicular line from an immeasurable height. The other side of this valley is bounded by the lofty ridge which ends in the Cramont—that noble mountain which blocks up the direct line of view between the Col de la Seigne and the neighbourhood of Cormayeur. Between these two enormous confining ridges the lonely valley stretches straight before you far as the eye can reach. The scene is wild as possible above, but not without softness of feature in the valley, and altogether is most striking. We had not the advantage of a very clear atmosphere, nor of one admitting a view of Mont Blanc's highest pinnacles; but, nevertheless, the spectacle was one which greatly delighted me; and again and again I congratulated myself that I had been led to

form the plan of making my circuit of Mont Blanc, in preference to any other expedition which had entered my mind.

During our descent into the valley, and in the higher part of our course, we frequently traversed extensive beds of snow, and ere long reached Lake Combal. This small sheet of water lies picturesquely in the expanding bosom of the valley, and is formed by the stream which descends from the Col de la Seigne, as well as by some other mountain tributaries, chiefly on the side of Mont Blanc. At the lower end of the lake, a dam of stone-masonry,—built enormously strong, and with the display of much skill,—retards the force of the descending waters, and prevents their issue in too great abundance and force by the contraction of the channel, and the consequent regulation of the torrent, which here bursts forth, and meets with no further interruption to its furious course. In fact, from hence, for a great portion of the way to Cormayeur, it is more like one succession of wild, leaping, and foaming cascades, than an ordinary stream or torrent; and onwards it went, close to our path, roaring and flashing in the sun, and with increasing abundance of volume, for many and

many a mile of our course this day. Its name is the Doire.

During our walk we also came opposite to that very beautiful glacier named *de Miage*, filling a vast space between two mountain-sides, and descending low into the valley beneath. The general view also at this point was very magnificent indeed; but I experienced that feeling so generally shared by travellers, that when one is near a glacier no other object has so much power to attract, arrest, and delight. On the left, and immediately below the ridge by which we had come down, a copious torrent was clearing its way underneath a hollow arch of piled snow, and issuing forth in full rushing stream. Rich verdant grass and mountain herbage were around us and beneath our feet, and altogether this point was one which I exceedingly admired and enjoyed. The day had become very lovely; the sun was bright, the air was fresh and elastic to the utmost degree; a few light, glistening showers now and then fell, and a deep blue sky, traversed now and then by a few passing clouds, formed the canopy above our heads.

A steep and long-continued descent, along the course of the torrent mentioned above, brought

us at length down into a very pleasant coppice of dwarf pines, interspersed with rocks of very varied shape, and carpeted with verdant turf. The contrast of such a scene with those we had traversed during the last few hours was most pleasing in every way. Still we had on the left those marvellous precipices which here form the roots, or lowest foundations, of Mont Blanc; and, in answer to a question put to me this day more than once, I could not but admit that I thought the whole spectacle of the mountain more striking here than even at Chamonix, or at any point of view on the other side. The appearance of the mountain was here of the richest hue—a deep ferruginous brown, scarred and creviced with all colours of dark shade, even almost to black. I see that the formation is denominated in a geological map which I have with me as "*roche granitique*." Near the Lake Combal it is marked as "*schiste micace;*" and nearer still to the Col de la Seigne, as "*schiste argilleux de transition*." I refer in these geological terms altogether to the roots of Mont Blanc.

The grand glacier of the Brenva soon appeared in front of us, and a wonderfully interesting object it is. We sat down on a wooden seat

erected just opposite, in order to contemplate at leisure the extraordinary prospect now spread before our gaze. This glacier fills up an immense space of the mountains; and I understood from the guide that it would occupy three hours to cross it. More than one avalanche fell during our stay here. At one moment I said to my companion, "Look at the cascade of water falling over that precipice! I did not observe it before." The fact was, that an avalanche of snow was descending, very large and beautiful in its character, from the particular formation of the rock down which it slowly fell. The Glacier de Brenva has come down so low as to fill up the very bottom of the valley, along which we had so long been pursuing our way; and its vast ridges of ice, with the attendant *moraine*, of equally gigantic proportions, were heaped before us far beneath our feet. Never had I seen such an enormous long dyke, or elevated mound of regular form, as this *moraine* makes. Here the wild torrent, which has for so many hours been re-echoing and roaring along, is all at once silent. What has become of it? There is no other valley here which can have received it. Where is it? It is under the glacier, flowing

deeply beneath its superincumbent masses of ice, but making its way unseen, and ere long to emerge with increased and increasing waters. Not far off appeared Entraves, with the Vallée de Ferret stretching far up in the distance, and at the point where this valley was met by that which leads to Cormayeur and Aosta, a wide-spreading breadth of ground, partly flat and partly sloping, with a gentle inclination up the mountain-side, was covered with corn-fields, now ripely glowing in the sun of August; and, as we looked through the lofty larches, by which we were surrounded, up to the mountain-peaks, and then to the brown hanging precipices, and then to the glacier, and then to the valley beyond, with its sparkling torrent, its pastures, its corn-fields, and the town of Entraves reposing at the point where the two valleys unite, I was, indeed, most deeply impressed with the grandeur and peculiarity of all which I beheld, and heartily recommend to all travellers that, if possible, they should not lose the sight of the Allée Blanche and the Glacier de Brenva, whatever else they may be compelled to omit in their Piedmontese tour.

On arising and proceeding towards Cormayeur, we pursued our path to the right, and crossing

a bridge, arrived at the sulphurous baths, which form one means of attracting in the season a large crowd of visitors. I heard that a bath of this kind was very refreshing after a long walk, and taking from my bag a change of linen, and such other articles as would enable me duly to appear at the crowded table-d'hôte, where I expected to dine, I took advantage of the opportunity thus given on my way, and found it very agreeable. My guide, in the mean time, went on to secure an apartment at the "Albergo del Angelo," a large hotel, much in favour both among the natives of the country and among Englishmen.

To our disadvantage it was only in too much favour; for, when I arrived there after taking my bath, I found that neither my companion nor I could obtain an apartment, or even a seat at the table-d'hôte, so crowded was the place with guests. We saw the saloon filled up with long tables, and it would have gratified our curiosity to see and dine with the crowd of expected guests, who were mostly Piedmontese and Italians. As it was, however, we were obliged to remain satisfied with looking in for a minute on the assembled company: and a curious gathering it

was. There were gentlemen with olive-coloured faces just peering out from amidst their profuse hair, whiskers, and moustache; ladies with plenty of children around them, all actively employed, like their elders, with the knife and fork; fat priests in clerical costume; and a multitude of other indescribable characters, dressed in clothes of manifold shape and colour, closely packed together, and nearly amounting to a hundred in number. At the side of every guest, and indiscriminately scattered on all parts of the table, were bundles of long thin sticks, somewhat thinner than a man's little finger, which I saw for the first time here, and learnt to be a kind of bread, much liked in this country. I believe that it is called *Grisane*.

My companion and I had dinner by ourselves, and afterwards, finding that the town was very crowded, and being disposed to advance a little farther on our journey, we proceeded three miles onward, and reached the small, but very pretty and romantically situated watering-place, called Pré St. Didier, lying close under Mont Cramont, and altogether curiously hemmed in by mountain steeps of the vast overhanging ridge. The village lies in a corner among woods, orchards, mea-

dows, and verdure of the most lovely character. Close behind is a narrow gorge, and from it runs a torrent, issuing out from between two perpendicular cliffs, which so lap over one another, that nothing of the coming stream can at all be seen in front; nor, indeed, until you come very close, can you perceive any cleft at all, or account for the waters rushing by you from the mountain-side.

Close to this cold torrent rises a hot spring, used for bathing, and allowed day and night to run uninterrupted through the vessels employed for that purpose. There is something very agreeable in the sight of such an arrangement, giving an idea, as it does, of the utmost cleanliness, freshness, and abundance of supply. The establishment in which these baths are, is most beautifully situated in a verdant meadow, shaded by trees and cooled by the clearest rills. The edifice itself is of considerable size, and not devoid of taste in its construction. I understood that it was thus built in hopes of its being an attraction to the royal family, who have sometimes visited these baths.

From the adjacent meadow we enjoyed some short but most magnificent views of the very

summit of Mont Blanc during those occasional moments when the gathering and passing clouds allowed us to gaze thereon. At such periods, the outline was very clear indeed. It is a great mistake to suppose that settled and thoroughly fine days offer the best views of Alpine scenery. The outlines are far sharper, and the general colour of the peaks is usually seen to much superior advantage, during weather of another and more varied kind. It was certainly a disadvantage to me, as a spectator of Mont Blanc, to have such an unvarying atmosphere, as that which encompassed it during the first few days which I passed in its vicinity. Though the days and nights were in themselves lovely, though sun and moon almost vied with one another in their respective hours of rule, still there was a certain monotony of tone in the colour of the atmosphere, and also a light haze, which I would not choose of my own accord for the contemplation of lofty mountain scenery. A mixture of sunshine and cloud, and even occasional rain, have a tendency to produce far more striking effects.

We slept at the "Ours,"—*Anglicè*, Bear Inn—of inferior merits to those which one might have expected in a watering-place like this, so very

popular and full in the season. In the evening I took leave of my companion, who was going over the pass of the Little St. Bernard, quite in a different line from my own, and was to commence by ascending the mountain at this very spot. I should have been much pleased had the course of Mr. C—— and my own been longer parallel. I never saw any person who seemed more at home among the mountains, or more qualified, from his active frame, for any expedition towards which he might feel disposed. He was evidently very independent of guides, and spoke with the utmost simplicity of many most difficult passes and ascents, which at various times he had achieved.

CHAPTER XVII.

DAWN — VALLEY OF AOSTA — CROPS AND FOLIAGE — SUNLIGHT EFFECTS—AOSTA—ITALIAN INN—ITALIAN HOSPITAL—ITALIAN PHYSICIAN—EVENING WALK—ST. REMY—NAPOLEON — NARRATIVE.

Thursday, July 22.—I was awakened this morning at four o'clock, my usual time of rising for many days past, by the clearest and most beautiful dawn of day which I have yet seen in this country, fine as the weather has been throughout the whole course of my expedition in Switzerland, and indeed since I left England. Remembering that the topmost crown of Mont Blanc could be at the moment most advantageously seen, I got up immediately; and on going a few yards from the inn, just to get clear of the adjoining houses of St. Didier, I had before me the sight of that noble mountain, standing up in a perfectly cloudless sky, with the morning sun lying on it in a kind of blaze, while as yet no other object in view had caught the least portion of this bril-

liancy. The two adjoining steeps which, sloping down from opposite directions, met each other in front of me, and, crossing, formed the base from whence the lofty peaks of Mont Blanc seemed to spring, although far behind in reality—were as yet in deep shadow. Nothing could surpass the effect of the spectacle, nor could it be exaggerated by the most ambitious pen. A scene like this, as so generally is the case in Switzerland, defies exaggeration.

During my subsequent course down the Valley of Aosta, I had frequent opportunities of renewing my admiration of this grand marvel of Europe. Such a distinctness in the atmosphere as that of this morning had never occurred during my whole stay at Chamonix, or in the other localities within sight of Mont Blanc, which I was finally leaving this very day and hour. It was a glorious farewell to the "monarch of mountains."

Expecting to find that Mr. N—— (of whose accident I spoke in a former chapter of this volume) had been removed, for medical care, from St. Bernard to Aosta, and wishing to be with him as an invalid, early in the day, I had arranged to relinquish walking, for once in the week, and

accepted the offer made to me on the previous evening by a voiturier, of taking me and my guide to Aosta—a drive of about twenty-five miles. We set out at a quarter after five. The whole of this course was one of the greatest variety and interest. Italian fertility here speedily commenced. We drove, during the whole time, amidst groves of chestnuts and other fruit-trees, lofty Indian corn, and vines, which for the first time in my present Continental journey I saw trained and hanging on trellised arcades, and waving about in every direction, instead of being docked and clipped, as in more northern parts. According to each distinct mode of cultivation, a vineyard has either the most ordinary, or the most attractive features, which can meet the eye.

The road was very narrow indeed, sometimes very steep, and, in parts, of the most awkward construction. Two or three of the towns through which we passed, were singularly straitened, even in the main thoroughfare, and, with their immense outside galleries, and wide overhanging eaves, only admitted the entrance of a narrow strip of light above. I am perfectly at a loss to know how, in dark days, any of those who

inhabit such streets can see to carry on their affairs.

For many miles we pursued the left side of that rushing torrent, the Doire, whose birth among the glaciers we had witnessed yesterday, and which we had accompanied during so many miles. All this time a brilliant sunshine was lying, "as the morning spread upon the mountains," on the opposite side of the valley, from the head of the steep down to the very torrent beneath. As yet, however, not a single beam had fallen upon us, nor upon that side of the defile along which we drove. This will easily be accounted for by the remembrance of the vast magnitude of these scenes, and by the earliness of the hour. Suddenly, however, we turned to the right, in order to cross a bridge; and, being now on the other side of the torrent, pursued our way in full and cheering brightness. Some of the localities through which we passed were most picturesque, and must irresistibly invoke the painter's eye and hand—for instance, the gorge of Ivrogne.

A more open and most luxuriant country soon brought us within sight of Aosta. As we approached, my attention was all at once riveted

by a new series of snow-clad peaks, closing with their mighty barrier a valley stretching far up to the left. Another range of immense mountains rose immediately behind the town, facing that chain of heights which I have just mentioned. Up this range cultivation was carried to a very lofty point.

And now we were driving through a real Italian town, of some importance and magnitude! Much was I pleased at the recognition of those characteristics which no one who has ever been in Italy can, I should think, forget or mistake. The extensive and massive character of the buildings in comparison with any promise or appearance of comfort—the painting with which they are decorated on the exterior—the frequent arch —the southern fruits and productions exposed in the shops—the curious mixture of indolence and energy visible in the features and bearing of the inhabitants—these, and many other indications, telling where I was, excited my interest in no small degree, chiefly, of course, through association with former days; for I scarcely believe that any one, unacquainted with Italy, would have taken any notice of that which struck me so forcibly at the time. Soon, too, I was driven

into the vast straggling precincts of a thoroughly Italian inn, and shown into a saloon, at my entrance perfectly darkened for the exclusion of heat, and a meal was set before me, composed of various articles, all good in their way, but to any of which I should be perplexed to affix any accurate denomination, with the exception of those universal edibles, two eggs, which made their appearance, fried, in a saucepan. I had finished my journey before ten o'clock, and the first inquiries which I made here were relative to Mr. N——, whom, from previous information, I fully expected to find under medical care in the town, but, on visiting Signor Alby, who had gone up to set the broken limb, I was told that the patient had not come down hither, according to the plan once held in view; I therefore proceeded to visit the antiquities of the town, which are of considerable note, being Roman, and bearing the stamp of that grandeur and durability attached to all the works of that mighty people, which has left its enduring mark on so many regions of the earth. These antiquities are all mentioned in Murray's Handbook, and none of them possess beauty or character sufficient to give lively interest except to the antiquary. I shall, there-

fore, pass them over without notice, except that of inserting the inscription which I copied from the ancient gate of the town :

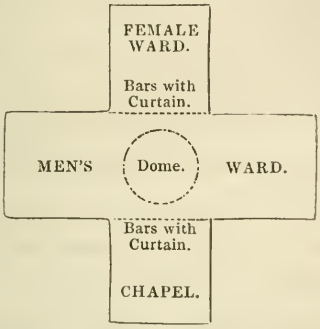
L'EMPEREUR OCTAVE AUGUSTE FONDA CES MURS,
BÂTIT LA VILLE EN TROIS ANS,
ET LUI DONNA SON NOM
L'AN DE ROME 728.

This title it still bears in the harmonious name of Aosta, after the lapse of so many centuries.

I also visited the hospital of the town,—a species of institution in which I feel peculiar interest; partly, no doubt, in consequence of my present connexion with that in my own sphere of duties at home. I had the advantage of being kindly conducted over it by Signor Alby, who is himself the "Médecin-Chirurgien" of the establishment. It is situated in an airy part of the town, and has a fine garden in front. The wards consist of two very large apartments ; one for men, and one for women, and each containing eighteen beds. I was told that this provision was quite inadequate to the wants of the locality, but that no more could be supplied.

The rooms, together with the chapel, form an

exact cross, being disposed in the following manner. The apartments are arched, very high,



and with a still more lofty dome in the middle. Nothing could have been more fresh and airy than the state of ventilation in which I found them. This hospital has funds and endowments of its own. I inquired of Signor Alby, as one who had ample means of forming a right judgment, what was the cause of the very frequent goître witnessed all along the valley through which I had passed this morning, and also in the town itself. He told me, that while there were other concurrent causes, he considered the chief to be this,—the peculiar state of the air in valleys of extreme depth and acclivity as to their sides. He traced this out in several other localities.

In addition to the affliction of numerous and large goîtres, the population of this neighbourhood appeared to me as suffering under general weakness, deformity, and ugliness. The number of wretched and deformed beggars was very large; and two or three times I found myself looking on unfortunate specimens of my fellow-creatures with feelings which I sought to check, as soon as I was led to recognise their inappropriate and unseemly character. There was also much raggedness, much dirt, and much idleness. A strange contrast exists between the extreme loveliness of the country and the deteriorated state of its inhabitants!

At four o'clock, having received every possible kindness and attention from Signor Alby, I set out with my guide on my way to the hospice of the Great St. Bernard, intending to sleep at St. Rémy, within two hours' walk of that renowned institution. My guide was relieved of my bag, as we found the owner of the St. Rémy Hotel about to return with a small carriage to Aosta, and he took it for us to his house. He proposed to me that I should go with him, but as the road was one continued ascent, I thought that this plan would only prove an incumbrance.

We walked in four hours to St. Rémy—a distance to which five are usually assigned—without the least hurry and fatigue. Travellers may always reckon upon distance being somewhat stretched in this country. The walk, though much inferior to many Swiss expeditions, was by no means devoid of interest. Every one had joined in giving it a very poor character; but orchards, vines, sloping meadows, streams brightly and copiously flashing on all sides, a torrent beneath, steep slopes, patched with ripe corn and various green crops, villages, each with their little church, and snowy ridges in the distance, rendered the walk to me very pleasant indeed, particularly after the sun had gone down, and the cool of the evening had arrived. It seemed but a short time when the guide pointed up a dark narrow valley on the right, crossed by a few houses which looked as if placed exactly to catch the snow-blast which sweeps down from the culminating point of the mountain, and said, "Voilà St. Rémy!"

I was soon lodged in a good substantial hotel—kept by a most good-humoured host, named Marcoud—and clad in one of his coarse but well-washed shirts, my guide having remarked with his usual attention, that I always changed this

article of dress after a long walk. Accordingly, as my host's carriage with my bag had not yet arrived, the first observation which he made on seeing the landlady, was to request this loan for me. A large St. Bernard dog was walking about the house; a blazing fire was lit, as a thing of course, even in the middle of July, and sitting by it, I heard the wind coming down the pass, and uttering just that mournful howl which showed what might be expected in more unfavourable weather. I had not, however, sat there long, before I received the visit of an old man, who was not noticed to me at the inn, but sent for, on my expressing what interest it would give me to see some one who could tell me about Buonaparte's passage down this valley from having been himself an eye-witness of the scene. I found in Joseph Marcoud—for he was of the same name as my host—one of the few now living in the place who remember the day in question. He was a very animated and sensible narrator, plainly answering the few questions which I put to him, after we had taken a glass of wine together, and touched glasses according to the custom of the country. He came quite at my spontaneous desire, and had

not at all the manner of one accustomed to narrate as a lion shown to travellers.

Among other things, he described Napoleon's interview with some Austrian prisoners, who had been confined in a house just opposite to that in which I am now writing. He said that Napoleon was attired "*tout simplement—en bourgeois,*" while all his suite were in full and brilliant regimentals—that he had an "*air très vif,*" with an eye of wonderful acuteness and expression, looking every way. The old man added, that as to size and height he was very like himself, and rose up to show me his own form, representing Buonaparte's mien so far as he could, by look and gesture. Altogether I was much pleased by my interview with this fine old *paysan*. He seemed to lay hold at once of something which I said bearing on true religion, and on the superiority of that "honour, which cometh from God only," to all the earthly renown of warriors and kings.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY LODGING—AVALANCHES—ST. BERNARD—THE HOSPICE—RECEPTION—MUSEUM—THE BRETHREN—GUIDE'S DEPARTURE—THE SABBATH—GUIDE COMMENDED—DINNER AT THE MONASTERY—BILL OF FARE—THE BRETHREN—ST. AUGUSTIN—ALPINE GARDEN—SOLITARY WALK—ACCIDENT—NAPOLEON—ANECDOTE—FRENCH ARMY—FALLING ROCKS—HARVESTING—BUILDINGS.

Friday, July 23.—My first view this morning was of a character somewhat unusual, even in this land of scenes so new and strange to the traveller. It was nothing more nor less than a steep height opposite, covered with loose rocks and stones, (which had fallen from the mountain height,) and sloping down at such an acute angle, within a few yards of my apartment, as to make it appear to me highly probable that if rain, a straggling goat, or other cause had brought down any stones in the night, they would naturally, and with the greatest ease have rolled and bounded into my window, or visited me in my bed. On looking out I found, that in consequence of the extreme narrowness of the valley, a certain space had been made for the

house by excavation. Altogether its position, as indeed that of the whole village of St. Rémy, appeared to me most perilous in this land of dangers from snow; but the landlady told me that although avalanches frequently fell at both ends of the space occupied by houses, yet the inn and village, in general, were protected from danger by a "*monticule*," (as she called it,) that is, an elevated portion of ground, so intervening between it and the places whence the snow would slide or fall as to intercept its descent. It requires some experience and study to understand what form of ground renders any position subject to an avalanche, but it appeared to me, from frequent observation and inquiry, that this was the case beneath any steep and straight *chink* of the mountain, where snow would *accumulate*, and, on its fall in the spring, meet nothing to break or disperse it, but rather would follow the course of some form of ground, conducting it, as a channel, towards the habitation of man.

The saloon in this hotel is hung with pictures representing the life and career of Buonaparte, also the various circumstances connected with that extraordinary event, the transfer of his body from St. Helena to Paris. A double portion

of honour seems ascribed to him throughout this locality of St. Bernard.

At half-past seven I set out for the Monastery of St. Bernard, an ascent occupying about two hours, altogether treeless, except for the first few steps. It is desolate and very bare in its character. The morning was most lovely. A few, but very few bright clouds, were lightly floating along the clear blue sky. Every peak of the mountains around was defined with the utmost sharpness and accuracy. The snow gleamed with the purest brilliancy; and the air, exactly of a pleasant temperature for walking, was indescribably fresh and invigorating. My guide observed this more than once. We went for a considerable time along a line of road which, in the spring, is peculiarly dangerous, from its liability to the fall of avalanches, and at about an hour's distance from the Hospice passed a "Cantine," or small reception-house of the most ordinary description, but available for food or rest in any circumstances, when a traveller, from exhaustion, or from being overtaken suddenly by bad weather, might experience a difficulty in reaching the summit of the pass. We then wound up towards the culminating point, and soon

came in sight of the Hospice, standing at the other side of a pretty little lake, sometimes, I believe, remaining frozen during the whole summer, but which, as seen by me to-day, was gleaming in the cheerful sunshine, and playing under the light breeze, as if it would smile on the traveller, and give him his first welcome to this renowned abode.

A walk, for some little distance flat and smooth, leads round this lake, and conducts you up to the steps of the convent. The form of the building is so well known to the traveller by personal visits, and to the untravelled by pictures, that I need scarcely describe it; all I will mention is, that its exterior is perfectly plain, but that its large and substantial character qualifies it in every way for those high objects of Christian benevolence with which it was anciently founded, and for which it is still honourably and effectually maintained.*

* My valued and venerable friend, Mr. Rogers, not less accomplished as a traveller than distinguished as a poet, speaks, in his "Italy," of the Hospice of St. Bernard, as a house,

> "——the highest in the ancient World,
> And destined to perform from age to age
> The noblest service, welcoming as guests
> All of all nations and of every faith."

Immediately on my entrance I was received by the intelligent and courteous "Clavandier," or "Bursar," (as he called himself,) who attends to the travellers, and acts as host during the time of their stay. I had breakfasted at St. Rémy, but coffee was ordered for me—rather an extra, considering that I was to dine with the members of the institution at half-past eleven; but not unacceptable amidst mountain air and after mountain exertion. Two museums, the chapel, the "Morgue" (or receptacle of the dead), and the celebrated dogs, were then shown to me in succession—all worthy of notice in their different way. In one of the museums were some good prints of reigning sovereigns, (including one of our own Queen,) several engravings of subjects connected with the institution, *e. g.* the dogs discovering a traveller frozen and buried in the snow, and others of a sacred character. Beneath many of the prints, expressions of friendship and gratitude towards the

Again, he thus describes its appearance:—

"It was a pile of simplest masonry,
With narrow windows and vast buttresses,
Built to endure the shocks of time and chance;
Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
Warred on for ever by the elements."

monks on the part of various donors were inscribed. This museum also contained a remarkably large collection of coins and antiquities, found on the site of an ancient temple, situated close at hand, where, according to Livy, and various other testimonies, Jupiter Penninus was worshipped.

In the museum there was nothing in any way remarkable, except a stuffed specimen of that very rare animal, the *Boktan* (if I spell it right), which is a kind of large chamois, chiefly distinguished for its immense, strong, and heavy horns. I had previously heard a few particulars of this animal in answer to some inquiries which I was led to make, in consequence of my host at Aosta wishing me to purchase a pair of the horns at the price of forty francs. My guide informed me that it was found in the highest mountains of Savoy, but that its present rarity was such, as to render the complete extinction of the race not at all unlikely; and he added, that, by the law of the country, he would be condemned to the galleys for life in case he was to kill one. Whether the penalty is so exceedingly severe, or whether he was under a misconception, was a point which I intended to ascertain, but subsequently forgot.

The first object meeting the eye of a traveller, on ascending the steps which lead up to the saloon of the convent, is a tablet expressing the honour with which Buonaparte is viewed by the Republic of the Valais—that Canton of Switzerland in which the Hospice stands. This occupies the wall of the landing-place. In the saloon itself there is a picture, or coloured engraving of Napoleon, as Emperor; while another small design in the same apartment represents him standing near the Hospice, and conversing with two of the brethren, clad in their usual costume, and holding a map stretched out in their hands. This, no doubt, was an actual scene. Sentinels are near—cannons a little farther off: and the army is seen defiling closely by the edifice. The date, 4th of May, 1800, is affixed.

After I had seen these, and the other objects of interest usually shown to strangers, I was told that I should be summoned to the refectory at half-past eleven, where I was to dine with the assembled brethren. I use this word, because it was the word usually used to me in their designation, though sometimes they were styled "chanoins." In the intermediate time I took leave of my guide, who had attended me from

Chamonix, being desirous to make such arrangements as would enable him to reach his home and family by Saturday evening. These arrangements were, that he should immediately proceed to Martigny with the small waterproof bag—one of Mr. Pratt's excellent and enduring manufacture—which contained the articles needful for me on my pedestrian journey, and which he had carried as a knapsack all the way. Thus he could make the usual course from Martigny to Chamonix on the ensuing day; and I did not in the slightest degree need his aid for the descent from the Hospice of St. Bernard (of which I intended to perform half to-day, and half on the morrow), as there is no possibility of making a mistake in the road, nor do any of those circumstances attend this course which belong to journeys over the wild and desolate passes of the Bonhomme and La Seigne, which I had lately traversed. I had felt some anxiety as to the best means of effecting this arrangement. If the not uncommon journey from Chamonix to Martigny is planned for *six days*, the traveller incurs a risk, to which any one fearing God and keeping His commandments would be very loth to subject himself. I mean, that of having his

guide toiling over the Col de Tête Noir on the Sabbath-day. It would be very easy to pay him for an extra day of rest; but with the temptation of returning to his family, it appears to me very unlikely that even this measure would, in a country like this, obtain the desired result. Accordingly, I mention the plan which I pursued, enabling the Chamonix guide to reach his home (having made the tour which I pursued) by the Saturday evening; while at the same time the traveller is not hurried, and incurs no fatiguing day during the whole excursion, as must be the case where the journey is made more speedily. I write for circumstances of a very ordinary kind, according to which, without some specific attention to the matter, a serious breach of the Sabbath would in all likelihood ensue; and I shall feel the trouble of writing the above statement abundantly repaid, in case any countryman or other individual, by pursuing the above-mentioned plan, and by making his arrangements for the close of the week on a system which I found satisfactory in every respect, should be preserved from that great travellers' sin of Sabbath-breaking, which, whether as regards themselves, or the men and the cattle whom they employ, is all

witnessed by the eye of that God who, even at the Creation, hallowed the Sabbath-day for all times and for all nations of the earth.

Louis Frederick Payot—for that was the name of my guide, (numbered *thirty-two* on the list)—seemed much pleased at the arrangement, and we parted with the most friendly interchange of good feeling towards one another. I had found him throughout extremely well qualified for his office. Ever ready to converse, but never intrusive; ever ready to suggest plans, but never pressing them unduly; ever willing to give information, but never producing it merely to show what he knew;—he was to me a most pleasant and instructive companion. We certainly were not brought into any of those perilous and trying circumstances which sometimes happen in these mountains;* and all went on prosperously and smoothly for us during our whole course. But when I say that not one word passed his lips which gave me the slightest dissatisfaction, and that not one thing was done by him which I could have wished otherwise, I only speak the real, simple truth. He was forty-seven years old,

* I have already referred to certain instances, in a previous part of my journal, and the reminiscences of travellers will supply many others.

appeared to be a man of prudence and judgment in all his affairs, and able to form a good opinion on general subjects, though he always expressed that opinion with modesty. In addition to his engagements as a guide to travellers, he holds one of the best museums for the sale of mountain curiosities at Chamonix.

It must be evident how much the character of a guide must contribute to or detract from the satisfaction of a journey such as that which I had just concluded.

During my journey I did not omit to take different opportunities of setting before my companion the simple truths of the Gospel, free from the various disguises and trammels with which it is loaded by Popery here as every where. To these things he listened, not inattentively; and I saw no signs of peculiar bigotry or superstition as prevalent in his inward character.

At half-past eleven the bell rang for dinner. Travellers usually arrive here towards evening, and depart again in the morning. Accordingly I was the only stranger at the convent, and the only guest at their table to-day. I was much pleased that I had the opportunity of thus seeing the whole resident body of the brethren. There were thirteen present, clad in black, with a white

ribbon attached, as the mark of the order of the Augustins. They wore at dinner their high-peaked caps. Most of them were young men, and all looked healthy. Their manners and intercourse with one another and with me were very cheerful and animated. Being Friday, it was "un jour maigre," or fast-day; but though meat did not form an ingredient in any of the dishes, there was abundance of good nourishing food. The bill of fare was this: a kind of soup made with milk, not uncommon in this country; omelette; a substantial composition, of which toast and cheese formed considerable ingredients; mashed potatoes, fruit tart, dessert, and good Piedmontese wine. These provisions appeared in large dishes, which were first laid at the head of the table, at one side of which I was placed. The senior brother opposite first helped me, then himself, and afterwards the dishes were passed down to the rest of the company. A Latin grace, of some length, was said (as in the halls of our Universities) both before and after the meal; and the whole character of the proceeding, and the mutual terms of intercourse among the brethren, very much reminded me of the fellows of a college sitting down to dinner in their hall.

Many will, perhaps, have connected ideas of austerity and gloom with the members of such an institution, but nothing of the kind is witnessed. Though not unobservant, nor incurious as to the nature and amount of experimental piety personally swaying and adorning the members of the institution, yet I had no means, during the period of my short intercourse, of forming any opinion on the subject. Therefore, looking upon them as devoting a long period of their life to that special and extraordinary department of Christian love, which leads them to live amidst rocks, and snows, and clouds, that they may succour the endangered wayfarer, and show hospitality to all who pass their abode, I regarded them with that charity "which hopeth all things and believeth all things." God grant that they may live and die in the spirit of him to whose order they belong—I mean, St. Augustin—and not in the spirit of the Romish Church as it is, and has been, since the days when its corruptions arose! Strongly did these feelings come to my mind when I looked on the picture of Augustin, which is seen in the chapel of the institution, representing him engaged in writing his noble works. Around him lie the

volumes by which he has enriched the Church; and as I glanced at the names, "De Civitate Dei," "De Trinitate," "Contra Manichæos," the "Sermons," and the "Liber Confessionis," the monk and I almost vied with one another in expressions of the honour due to that illustrious and Spirit-taught man.*

I inquired as to the countries from whence the members of the institution came, and was told they were all Swiss—all "montagnards."

* I insert one testimony to the graces and gifts of Augustin, taken from one who, from his deep and experimental knowledge of God, and of His dealing with the souls of men, is well qualified to bear it. I allude to John Owen:—

"I must say that, in my judgment, there is none among the ancient or modern divines of this day, who, either in the declaration of their own experience, or their directions unto others, have equalled, much less out-gone him, in an accurate search and observation of all the secret actings of the Spirit of God on the minds and souls of men, both towards and in their recovery and conversion. And in order hereunto scarce any one, not divinely inspired, hath so traced the way of the serpent, or the effectual working of original sin in and on the hearts of men, with the efficacy communicated thereunto by various temptations and occasions of life in this world. The ways, also, whereby the *deceitfulness* of sin, in compliance with objective temptations, doth seek to delude and frustrate the work of God's grace, when it begins to attempt the strongholds of sin in the heart, were exceedingly discovered unto him. Neither hath any man more livelily and expressly laid open the power of effectual and victorious grace, with the manner of its operation and prevalency."—*Discourse concerning the Holy Spirit.* Book III. chap. vi. sec. 16.

Others, they said, would not come; and if they did, they could not long bear the climate and the place.

From all which I heard, I believe that the day of my visit was one of most singular beauty, in consideration of the locality. After dinner a proposal for a little "promenade" seemed most readily accepted by all. I was now obliged to make my preparations for departure. This being done, I inquired for the "clavandier," in order to bid him farewell, and express my thanks for the kind reception which I had met with. The servant told me that he was "dans le jardin." I could scarcely imagine that I had rightly caught his word, "*jardin*," as all round the building nothing appeared except bare rock, and the waters of the little lake. Accordingly, on the servant running to call in my host, I thought he must be going to some distant spot, which had not met my eyes; but in the course of a minute I saw him and some of the brethren sitting out in a small plat of ground, enclosed by walls, where some verdure had been fostered—how, I cannot tell. The farewell which I received was no less kind than my reception; and, having been favoured with an English translation

of the usual salute "bon voyage," given to departing travellers, I proceeded alone on my journey down the mountain-side.

Highly as I valued my guide, and notwithstanding the good taste which he had constantly exercised in discerning, as it were by intuition, when his conversation was acceptable, and when I should prefer pursuing my way alone, there was something in this complete solitude not without its charm. The extreme loveliness of the weather supplied in itself a kind of companionship—that of the sunshine and the deep-blue sky, whose brilliancy formed an attractive relief from the precipices, steeps, and harsh rocks, immediately around my path. The travellers who met me were not unfrequent; many of them clad in tattered dress, and some of them bearing the costume of lands far away; seekers, perhaps, at all events for one night, of that gratuitous aid and hospitality so bountifully given on this lofty region of the earth. Not far below the convent I passed two spots, each of which had its own history. One was that of very recent date. It was only last week that at this very place, four young Englishmen, in the full enjoyment of health and of strength, were riding

on mules up to the Hospice, when all at once one of the animals suddenly sank in the snow, and fell with its rider down the adjoining steep. Having already mentioned the circumstances connected with this accident, I only add now, from observation of the place where it happened, that it was a spot where no danger was to be anticipated, and that no one was to blame for any want of caution in the matter. It would be impossible to exaggerate the kindly feelings of interest expressed to me regarding him by those who had received and attended him with the utmost watchfulness and zeal for his welfare. I learned to-day the particulars of his sojourn at the Hospice, and of the measures which were adopted as preferable to his removal to Aosta—the plan of which I had previously heard as likely to be pursued. Mr. N—— remained about a week on the mountain, and was then carried down in a litter to Martigny, thence to Villeneuve, and thence he went in the steam-boat to Geneva. I saw the doctor at Aosta yesterday, and he expressed his opinion that all would do well. Both he, and the monks, and those English visitors who saw Mr. N—— at the Hospice, all joined in their admiration

of the patience, fortitude, spirit, and cheerfulness with which he bore all appointed for him under the trying circumstances which, from first to last, he had to go through.

The pathway down the mountain was plain and beaten, and soon brought me among meadows and woodland scenery. After an hour of descent, a road commences, passable for light carts; and indeed for a strong and light carriage, if there was any absolute need for a traveller to adopt this mode of conveyance. He must, however, expect to be well shaken on his way. Vehicles are usually quitted, or entered (as the direction of the journey may be) at Liddes, and the remainder of the way from or to the Hospice is pursued on mules or on foot.

At a particular point of the way which I passed this afternoon, it is said that Napoleon was near losing his life when crossing this mountain on his passage into Italy. The account given by guides and natives may vary in some particulars, but all describe the accident which he met as one by which he was subject to imminent peril, and in which he was preserved, altogether and exclusively, by the presence of mind, energy, and strength of his guide, or, more

properly speaking, his muleteer. The account given to me was, that Napoleon mounted a mule (either at Liddes or St. Pierre, I forget which) that the animal tripped (I heard it was no more) at a dangerous place, on the side of a ravine, and that its rider would have slipped off, which would have involved falling down the precipice, had it not been for his being caught by the muleteer at the side, and upheld by his strength. It was added that Napoleon, from feelings of gratitude, offered to take the man to Paris, and to provide for him there, but that this offer was declined; and on Napoleon asking him to mention what he could do for him, he said that his only wish and ambition was, to build a house for himself and his family. He was asked what it would cost. The answer was, a thousand francs; which were immediately his.

The circumstances attending the passage of Napoleon and his army are so generally known, that I should think it superfluous to dwell upon them here in any lengthened detail. The undertaking, chiefly from the transmission of artillery, was certainly one of rare enterprise and difficulty. I have an interesting print, representing the army on its way, in which the long line of

the troops is depicted as winding and stretching away up to the very summit of the pass; while in the foreground, the French soldiers are seen drawing the cannon themselves, detached from the carriages, and placed in hollowed trunks of trees, or deeply-scooped sledges, while the wheels and ammunition, and other portions of the artillery, are packed as luggage on the backs of mules. A French account before me thus describes this extraordinary scene:—

"On avait préparé des troncs d'arbres creusés de manière à pouvoir contenir nos pièces de canon; cent soldats s'attellent à chacun d'elles." The same account speaks of "les cartouches et les munitions" as being "renfermées dans de petites caisses à dos de mulets."

Between St. Pierre and Liddes the road passes immediately under a lofty, stone-covered ridge, sloping downward just at that angle which renders the immediate proximity of any such steep very perilous, under certain circumstances, to those who may be under it. The steps of cattle, or even a wandering goat, may detach one stone, which in its progress may detach many others still larger, and they in turn may do the same, until enormous rocks may fall down headlong

from no greater cause. But the failing of the earth beneath the stones and rocks, from its being washed down by sudden and copious rains, is a far more frequent cause of such falls. I was led to look upward at the scene to which I allude, by seeing the multitude of scattered rocky fragments on the slope below the road, and also the masses, gathered by the hand of man in a regular line, at the side of the road itself. A cantonier, whose duty it is to be on the constant look-out, and to remove all impediments in the way, told me (in regard to the road farther down and nearer to Martigny) that he often found and had to remove in the morning large blocks which had fallen during the previous night. As in the case of avalanches of snow, so in the descent of rocks, the danger entirely depends on the nature of the angle made by the steep above. That which holds and retains a superincumbent mass under ordinary circumstances, but not under certain constantly recurring accidents of nature, supplies in either case the well-grounded and undeniable causes of alarm in regard to the dwellers beneath. The loftiest precipice immediately above a town, village, or house, is not in itself by any means dangerous. If it were, how

many towns on the Continent would be perilously circumstanced!

The afternoon was as beautiful as traveller could possibly desire; and after a walk of about four hours, during which I frequently stopped to turn round, and gaze at Mont Velan, filling up the distant head of the valley, and presenting to the sun its far-extending beds of white, gleaming, unbroken snow, I reached the village of Liddes, where I was to pass the night. For many miles the road extended among steeply-sloping meadows—and it, as well as the pasture around, was crowded by the peasantry employed in cutting their hay, and carrying it home, and stowing it in their large wooden barns, which were very numerous: they were also very strong and massive in form, though built altogether of wood. No one who is only acquainted with our mode of building in planks comparatively thin, could imagine the thickness of timber used in ordinary buildings here, where wood is so plentiful and cheap. This remembrance obviates the difficulty so often expressed by those who only know Swiss architecture from the beautiful little models of wood brought back by their friends into England. "How cold they must be!" is often said; but

those who have seen the originals know that their thickness and solidity of wall often surpasses our modern and most disadvantageously thin English houses of brick or Bath stone, sliced for the occasion.

The walls of the farmstead-structures rather remind one of the sides of a man-of-war on the stocks in our dockyards, than of an English barn, or any other edifice in the composition of which wood is employed as the chief material. Between Martigny and Chamonix I inquired of my guide to whom the wood at a certain place which we were traversing belonged. His answer was, "To the Commune;" but that "any one might have it for the labour of cutting and carrying."

The inn, "L'Union," where I passed the night, was clean and comfortable, and, as often happens, the apartments were far superior, in every respect, to any thing which one would have been led to expect from outward appearances.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORNING WALK—PEDESTRIAN HINTS—SCENE AROUND—REFLECTIONS—THE WORKS OF GOD—MARTIGNY—MOUNTAIN STORM—AN ARRIVAL—CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

Saturday, July 24th.—I rose this morning at about six, and went on my way immediately. The mountain steep on my right was wrapt in dark shadow, but its opposite height on the left was all bathed and gleaming in the rays of the morning sun. For the first hour of my walk, the descent still continued rapid, and unvaried by level or rising grouud. In consequence of the four hours of a similar strain on one and the same set of muscles on the previous evening, from which I suppose they were not adequately rested, I found the first hour cause a certain degree of aching to the legs, and was glad when it was concluded. Subsequently to that, and after arriving at more level ground, I experienced no inconvenience or fatigue at all, though my walk

continued between three and four subsequent hours. The Alpine traveller must not let himself think that because he may feel a little weary or distressed at a certain time of the day, or at a particular part of his journey, this feeling will last or increase. Various causes may produce this sensation ; and it may be very transient. Among these causes are the nature of the ground traversed, the state of the atmosphere, the condition of the body in relation to the times of taking food, &c. &c. Several hours of sustained and enjoyed exertion will often succeed a short period of very different feelings, owing to the circumstances which I have above mentioned, and to others of a cognate nature.

At Orsières I noticed an hotel, apparently good, which is not mentioned in my edition of Murray's Handbook ; and therefore I refer to it, as in some instances it might be desirable for travellers to spend the night here. A furious torrent passes through the town, and accompanies the voyager as a noisy, but to my taste not unwelcome, companion for many a mile onward towards Martigny. The road, in various places, gives indubitable evidences of the severe strife and contests which its makers have had to

maintain against the mighty inundations of their neighbouring foe. For although streams, and rivers, and torrents, are the great pioneers in all mountain road-making, still they are no unfrequent destroyers of that work towards which they themselves had originally so much contributed, not only by indicating, but also by clearing the way.

Much did I enjoy my course onward. There was nothing at all sublime or extraordinary in the scenery—nothing of that character which had been around and before me during so many days —but there were hanging woods, and steep slopes covered with the most verdant pasture, and long thin strips of yellow corn along each flatter space allowed by the ridges rising on each side, and orchards, and villages, and strangely formed dwellings, all of massive wood; while a bright sun was shining, and the purest air was lightly playing around. And ere long I passed the path leading to Chamonix, which I had ascended ten days before, and so finished the circuit of Mont Blanc, without one impediment, one interruption, or one circumstance to damp the vivid pleasure and interest which I had derived from the whole expedition. I very strongly commend the same

course to others ; and I am much mistaken, if any expedition can be mentioned (occupying the same time) more complete of its kind, and with a more rapid succession of those scenes and objects which form the delight of every true Alpine traveller, and so abundantly reward all his bodily labour in their investigation.

I had now accomplished the design which I had in view on leaving England; and in its execution had found, under God's blessing, all my purposes fully answered and met. My health was much invigorated. Thorough refreshment of mind and spirits had succeeded to that state of tension, which eighteen months of ministerial and pastoral duty, unrelieved by change of place and scene, would naturally be expected to produce. And very rapidly had this beneficial renovation taken place. While, as the last advantage, which I shall mention here, I had beheld and laid up in memory, for future contemplation and enjoyment, some of the most marvellous and grand spectacles which God Almighty has set before human eyes in any quarter of the earth. And though I am well aware that the mere contemplation of outward nature and creation can do nothing, of itself,

towards the production or maintenance of inward and spiritual grace, which is reserved for God alone to effect, by His Spirit and His Word; still, while the Old Testament abounds with appeals to God's grand works in creation—among which the mountains are often for this purpose named;* and while the New Testament declares that men were without excuse for not glorifying God "as God," and for not being "thankful," inasmuch as "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead,"†—I affirm that, while it is

* For instance, among the evidences of His Almighty power God speaks of Himself as "weighing the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance," (Is. xl. 12.) For general appeals to man for obedience, established by God on His grand works in creation, we may refer to Isa. xlii. 5; xliv. 24, and Jer. v. 22. I quote the last of these sublime passages: "Fear ye not me, saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet they cannot prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it?"

† Rom. i. 20, 21. The original Greek, *τὰ ἀόρατα αὐτοῦ*, rendered in our translation, "the invisible things of Him," and explained, considerably farther on in the sentence, by the words "His eternal power and Godhead," put in apposition, is much more clearly connected with these substantives in some of the earlier English versions of the New Testament. Wiclif's version more resembles in its collocation that now in use, but Tyndale, 1534, translates the passage thus: "So that His invisible thinges;

thus written, I never can believe it an unprofitable thing for the servant of God to visit and wander for a while amid these mighty and almost unparalleled works of his Maker and his Saviour's hand. And if a Christian philosopher—I allude to Boyle—has well said, "Whatever God Himself has pleased to think worthy of His making, its fellow-creature, man, should not think unworthy of his knowing"—surely to know the power and the wisdom of God, as shown in the mountains, binding, as ribs, the earth; and in the glacier, or heaped treasures of snow, whence many an enduring river springs to go forth and fertilize regions far away—to know such things by personal contact and gaze, can scarcely prove either "barren or unfruitful" of high and holy results, as shown in the mind, and the heart, and the life of any Spirit-taught man.

that is to saye, His eternall power and godhed," &c., which is followed in the translation of Cranmer, 1539, and in that also of Geneva 1557.

Bishop Butler, referring to the various things which are to be regarded as *witnesses* for God in the world, thus writes: "*The visible constitution and course of nature*, the moral law written in our hearts, the positive institutions of religion, and even any memorial of it, are all spoken of in Scripture under this or the like denomination; so are the prophets, apostles, and our Lord Himself. They are all *witnesses;* for the most part unregarded *witnesses*, in behalf of God to mankind."

On reaching Martigny I returned to my old quarters and good-humoured landlord of the "Poste," which I reached at about eleven o'clock. This is one of the hotels where summer travellers usually arrive late in the evening, and depart early in the morning; so that, although the scene is very stirring at the early and late periods of the day, quietness and solitude pervade the establishment in the intermediate times. Accordingly I had the grand saloon very nearly to myself during the greater part of the day; and a very striking apartment it is. It is very large indeed, with lofty arched roof. The walls all round are painted with landscapes, sea-pieces, figures, &c., while four windows, placed in deep recesses, which show the extreme thickness of the wall, open into the garden, and offer good views of the neighbouring mountains, contracting themselves into an angle, at the head of the valley. This point is very near to Martigny. The windows are hung with curtains of red stuff and white muslin, and have stout Venetian blinds. There are large sofas at each end of the room, which is so extensive that two or three parties might be talking in it without one being able to hear the conversation of

the other, if carried on at the ordinary pitch of voice.

In this room I sat alone for several hours to-day, part of the time reposing from my week's exertion, part of the time reading the Word of God in larger portions, and with more continued study, than I had been able to apply during the last few days, thus taking in *ballast*, as one may say, for the onward spiritual voyage; and part of the time looking at the storm which had gathered around since I had arrived at the hotel.

The first notice which I had of any change in the weather was hearing the quick rustle of the chestnut-trees close to the window. This drew my attention the more, as since the first dawn of the morning the atmosphere had been altogether tranquil and calm. On looking out I observed this rustle very quickly grow into a violent agitation of the branches, yielding and quivering before the wind, which now began to sweep violently up the valley. The sun was soon much darkened, and the heads of the mountains were enveloped in black, heavy clouds, specially in the direction whence I had descended, and where all had been so lately cheerful, sunny, and serene. Soon the thunder began to re-echo loudly back-

wards and forwards from the opposite sides of the two approaching steeps, as if one would not be outdone by the other,—and then the pattering rain fell, and lightnings flashed vividly, and gloom came on; and during the remainder of the day no revival of fine weather took place, either in the atmosphere around or in the sky above; and the natives shook their heads, and said the weather was broken for some time to come.

It was my intention to remain at Martigny over the next day, which was Sunday, but I had little expectation, or indeed none whatever, of passing it in company with any allied by friendship or other tie. But towards evening, on looking out of my bedroom window at a party of Englishmen just getting off their mules, I recognised in one of them my brother-in-law, the Rev. W— M—, and in another Lord L—, whom I knew to be travelling with him in these localities, though I had not the most distant conception where they might be at this present time. I went down immediately to welcome my relative, with that gratification which unexpected meetings so often convey in Continental travel; and, as he also stayed at the hotel for the

coming Sabbath, I was again, for the fourth time, provided with most acceptable companionship. I could not but think the provision thus made throughout *for* me, not *by* me, as a slight illustration of God's goodness to His people in their spiritual journey of life; on which many set out, as it were alone, but soon find fit company, soon meet with pilgrims bound for the Celestial City, like themselves, and are soon surrounded by friends in whose society to travel on, knit together in the bond of peace, and with one end and purpose of life, even to glorify the Lord Jesus Christ, whose they are, and whom they rejoice to serve in the power of the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER XX.

JOURNEY ONWARD—CHAR-À-BANC—GEOLOGY—SWISS POLITICS—A CONTRAST.

Monday, July 26th.—Having passed a quiet Sunday at Martigny, though without the advantage of public worship or means of grace beyond those afforded in our own apartment, with the remembrance of the promise, that where two or three are gathered together in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, there He would be in the midst of them,* I set off this morning with my brother-in-law for Lausanne, intending to return home exactly by the same way which I had pursued in my journey hither. This

* Cowper's well-known hymn beautifully expresses this privilege of God's people, whether at home or whether abroad:—

"Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

"For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home."

will account for future remarks being somewhat brief and desultory. I have, however, no doubt that the circumstances of my way will be sufficiently varied to lead me to make a few additional notes. New kinds of weather, new companions, new fragments of information gathered on the way, &c. &c., usually justify and call for some use of the pen if you are accustomed to keep a journal at all, even on a course already traversed and partially described before.

We had taken places in the diligence, which had crossed the Simplon, and was due at Martigny early this morning. However, when the diligence arrived it was completely full. The postmaster immediately ordered out a small carriage, or "*supplément*" (as it is called), for my brother-in-law, myself, and two other passengers; and we proceeded most pleasantly to Lausanne in a succession of these supplementary vehicles, the only difference being, that in the two stages between St. Maurice and Vevay, in consequence of the two other passengers completing their journey, my relative and I had a *char-à-banc*, drawn by one horse, in which we journeyed onward very agreeably. Favourably for us, the carriages were hung facing the Lake of Geneva and the noble heights

beyond. Had it been otherwise, our view would have been bounded, in many places, by the green wall of steep mountainous acclivity rising up close at hand. This was not without beauty, but was very much inferior to the spectacle on the opposite side.

On this occasion I observed that which escaped my notice before; namely, the frequent and curious scars or patches on the mountain in face of us, where, instead of presenting verdure and wood, small portions had become altogether bare. Between Bex and Villeneuve a *detritus* like this had taken a very singular shape, namely, that of an hour-glass. The fact was, that a large piece of surface-soil, of a rude triangular shape, the broadest part being at the top, and the narrowest at the lower extremity, had slipped a certain way downward, and, in consequence of the shape of its rocky and constraining bed, had formed a kind of narrow waist for itself, and then again widened below. The effect was very singular; and large as the vast disruption was, it looked only a small patch on the vast mountain ridge, spread before our eyes, like some fair diorama, during a large portion of our journey this day.

On arriving at Lausanne, we found consider-

able excitement prevailing as to Swiss political matters. Nor could it be wondered at, considering the very critical and anxious circumstances in which the country is now placed. Lausanne is in a Protestant Canton, and joins in opposition to the Sonderbund, or League of the Romish Cantons. We were informed that a courier had arrived this day from Berne, where the Diet is now sitting, in order to call upon Lausanne to have its troops ready for immediate action in case of their being summoned. We heard that this call would be most readily obeyed. Both parties are arming, marshalling their forces, and making military demonstrations in every direction. Altogether the affair has a very serious appearance; and it seems a very general opinion in Switzerland, that, unless foreign powers of overwhelming weight interfere (as it is expected they will), a civil war will soon be raging in the country.

I extract a short paragraph from the "Gazette de Lausanne" of yesterday, which illustrates the present circumstances in which Switzerland is placed.

The writer, in describing the proceedings of the Federal Diet now sitting at Berne, after a summary of a late debate, thus continues:—

"Les députés de Lucerne, Zug, Fribourg, et Valais, ayant protesté contre l'arrêté pris pour la dissolution du Sonderbund, la Diète sera appelée à aviser aux moyens d'exécution. C'est là le point capital de l'affaire, mais il est hors de doute que la majorité se prononcera, au besoin, pour l'exécution par la force des armes. Par suite de cette décision, la Diète sera obligée de se constituer en permanence; car si les Etats du Sonderbund font résistance, comme il est à présumer, nous aurons infailliblement pour quelque temps le fléau de la guerre civile, et c'est la Diète seule qui pourra prendre des mesures propres à amener la pacification de la Suisse."

A singular contrast, illustrative of Protestant toleration on the one hand and of Popish bigotry on the other, struck me in my walk around Lausanne this afternoon. I passed near a chapel recently built in the town for the celebration of public worship according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Rome; but looking across the lake, a distance of only a few miles, you see a region stretching out before you, where the members of the Protestant Church are strictly precluded from having any edifice for their public worship at all!

CHAPTER XXI.

JOURNEY ONWARD—STORMY MORNING—THE TROUBLED LAKE—STEAM-BOAT — INTERRUPTED VOYAGE — WILD WEATHER—ACCOMMODATION—CONTINENTAL INNS.

Tuesday, July 27th.—I had parted with my brother-in-law on the previous evening, my object being to reach England as speedily as possible, while he was to remain a few days longer in this neighbourhood. Accordingly I once more set out alone.

The morning was very gloomy, wet, and windy, but to me this was not of much importance for the three first hours of my journey, as these were spent in a crowded omnibus, plying from Lausanne to Yverdun, whence I intended to proceed in the steamboat to Bienne. However, on arriving at Yverdun, and having to dislodge ourselves from the vehicle in order to embark on the steamboat, circumstances were not very pleasant or promising. A large crowd of expectants were gathered together in a kind of

shed, made with open rafters, like a cage. The rain fell heavily, accompanied with a very high wind, violently bowing and bending the poplars around us, and every now and then eliciting from the company some discouraging remark as to our prospects on the wide and sometimes much-agitated Lake of Neufchatel. These circumstances made our stay of above half an hour here any thing but exhilarating. The boat, however, arrived in due time. It is a small iron vessel, quite suitable for calm weather, but very much the reverse, from its form and the weakness of its engine-power, for periods of a contrary description.* The furious rain soon cleared

* This vessel is, I believe, the *Industriel*, which has since been brought into notice under circumstances so connected at the present moment with the state of Switzerland, as to the respective prospects of war or peace, that I think their perusal will not be devoid of interest. When traversing this Lake a few weeks ago, I had little expectation that warlike operations would so soon be visible in these localities, howsoever likely they seemed in other parts of Switzerland. I transcribe, from a journal before me, a letter dated Berne, Oct. 9, 1847:—

"A most serious incident threatens to accelerate the explosion of hostilities between the two parties which now divide Switzerland. You are aware that the Federal Diet issued a decree on the 31st July last, enjoining the cantons bordering on those of the Sonderbund to seize all the arms and ammunition passing through their territory on their way to those states. You know, moreover, that several convoys have been already stopped in Ticino, at

away the passengers from the deck, and though we kept close to the land all the way to Neufchatel, yet little or no advantage was gained by this, as the storm blew just from the direction most unfavourable to us—that is, from the right side of the lake, speaking according to our course; and here the waters are so broad that they have ample room to work tempestuously. I never was in any steamboat, or other vessel of any kind whatsoever, which rocked so much from side to side, and specially for two or three minutes when the men were hoisting a sail to steady us; but with the exception of this we had

Zurich, and in Argau. But the most considerable of all, intended for the Canton of Friburg, had not yet been forwarded by the French Government, which had undertaken to supply it. 6,000 muskets and four pieces of artillery had been packed up in large cases, but it was not known by what road they were to proceed in order to elude the vigilance of the Swiss authorities. The Canton of Neufchatel offered guarantees to the ultramontane party —its Government, entirely devoted to Prussia, desiring nothing better than to assist the League. But in that canton the number of patriots, partizans of Liberal Switzerland, is at least equal to that of its adversaries, and the citizens took on themselves to intercept the arms should they pass through their territory. The Vorort had been informed for several days of the departure of that convoy from the arsenal of Besançon, in two divisions, forwarded by different roads. It had officially apprised the Government of Neufchatel of the circumstance, both as the Vorort and the Government of Berne, and requested it to execute the decree of the

not much tossing, as the wind was sufficiently aft to be very favourable. I do not think that we should have been able to have gone at all in the opposite direction, *i. e.* with the wind against us.

Neufchatel was the only place into which we were to put on our way to Bienne; and I must say that I never saw any craft steered better, backed more speedily, or, on the whole, better managed than ours was on reaching the little snug harbour of the former place. I had not the least idea of our voyage ending here, and had of

Diet of the 31st of July. Finally, it received last night by express a notice that several French carmen had ventured to cross the frontier near Pontarlier, with four waggon loads of muskets and grape-shot; that the convoy had safely reached Fleurier, on the territory of Neufchatel, a distance of two leagues from the frontier; that there the convoy had been stopped by a number of citizens, who, after vainly summoning the authorities to perform their duty by seizing it, had, on their refusal, conducted their prize to St. Croix, when they delivered it into the hands of the authorities at Vaud, who sent it into Yverdun. This circumstance, which sufficiently denoted the bad faith and connivance of the Government of Neufchatel, induced the Government of Vaud to seize the steamer *Industriel*, which plies on the Lake of Neufchatel, to place on board a four-pounder and a detachment of carabiniers, and station it on the southern bank of the lake, to intercept all boats laden with arms and ammunition intended for Friburg, whose territory is washed by the lake on an extent of about two leagues."

course expected to go forth again on the dark and angry waves; but immediately on our arrival some one of authority in the management of the steamboat came on board, and in some excitement (as if glad to have the voyage ended) declared that the vessel could not proceed any farther, and that all the passengers should be provided (without any expense to themselves) with conveyances to Bienne, the place to which they had taken and paid for their tickets. The wind was still very violent, the waters were very black, except where they dashed and curled whitely on the shore, and the poplar-trees were still bending low before the blast, so that altogether I could not feel otherwise than much pleased at the exchange, and in this feeling all the passengers seemed most heartily to share on the occasion.

This is the second time of my seeing this lake violently agitated. When travelling in Switzerland with Mrs. T. some years ago, we rose at Neufchatel early in the morning to proceed to Yverdun, but, on arriving at the quay, we heard that the vessel could not proceed on its way, in consequence of the badness of the weather. The wind was very high but favourable. At the

time I was disappointed at not being able to accomplish the passage, and, not very wisely, joined with some other Englishmen in endeavouring to persuade the captain to make the voyage, he seeming in some doubt on the matter. When I afterwards saw the long sweeping surges on the lake from the neighbouring slopes, as we pursued our journey by land, I saw that the captain knew his own waters best, and felt thankful that he had not listened to our inexperienced and foolish persuasions.

During the day I had been again favoured with meeting most agreeable companions. I allude to a clergyman of Worcestershire and the ladies of his party. I had never seen them before, but they were acquainted with some members of my family, and after a little intercourse with them I received an invitation to accompany them in the carriage which they were to take from Bienne to Basle. This I accepted with sincere pleasure, and much enjoyed the society thus unexpectedly provided for me during this and the following day.

After dining at Bienne, where we found a very good hotel, that of "de Jura," we proceeded afterwards for one stage on our way towards

Basle, thus making the ensuing day one of a very easy length. The whole distance from Bienne to Basle is fifty-four miles, which must be accomplished by a voiturier's horses, as there is no posting on this line. If needful the voituriers will readily perform the whole journey in one day.

We slept for the night at Sonceboz, where the "Couronne," though outwardly unpretending, affords very good accommodation. The saloon as we entered looked most bright and cheerful, in the light of two or three brilliant lamps, and, though not large, was extremely well fitted up; it was handsomely papered, and hung with some very fine prints in richly gilt and appropriate frames; there was also a large mirror, and a most comfortable sofa, sometimes, no doubt, affording very pleasant rest to the pedestrian traveller; and last, not least, was a small library of books. I mention these little details in hopes of their proving serviceable to some future voyagers. Most of these matters, taken separately, may be unimportant, but as a sign of care, of interest taken in behalf of guests, and of a desire to fulfil the office of a host in a complete manner, they assume a different character; and I can certainly

say, as a part of my Continental experience, that, as in so many other affairs of life, the inn or hotel-keeper must have a zeal and love of his occupation in order to perform it well. And when these characteristics exist, then his establishment presents at every turn something to satisfy and please; while it is just the contrary in every matter touching the welfare and comfort of the traveller, where cold indifference prevails on the part of the owner of the house. The proverb too holds good in these things, "Ex pede Herculem;" and just as the geologist will tell the nature and name of some animal from a bit of a fossil bone, so, after a little experience, you can generally forecast what your entertainment in general will be from the first object or circumstance met on arriving at a Continental inn.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOURNEY ONWARD—BASLE—MISSIONARY COLLEGE—CHINA MISSION—ENGLISH SYMPATHY—SWISS POLITICS—ALSACE—MANUFACTURES—BADEN-BADEN—HOTELS—NOVEL SCENE—GAMING TABLES—QUOTATION—SCRIPTURAL TRUTH.

Wednesday, July 28th.—Early this morning we pursued our way onwards toward Basle. This was the fourth time that I had taken this line of road; but so varied is the scenery—so attractive is the succession of dark, narrow defiles, and verdant, opening basins of land—so fair is the effect of light falling at different times of the day, and under different atmospheres, in so many different hues on the rocks, and the woods, and the streams—and so pleasant are the little villages and farmsteads which meet the eye, and suggest on all sides thoughts of content and prosperity, that the frequent repetition of my journeys here has not in the least degree rendered the course uninteresting; nor should I be unwilling to enter Switzerland the very next time by the very same way. My admiration of the Val de Moutier is, I know, shared by many

other travellers; and a young friend of mine, who had made a most extensive expedition through Switzerland, Piedmont, and Northern Italy, told me that nowhere did he see any scenery, which, for a continuance, he more enjoyed than this very locality. The weather to-day was perfect, and as we approached Basle the moon rose large, full, and bright, as if contending with the sunlight, which had scarcely begun to wax dim. The effect of the moon on the river Rhine as we surveyed it from the balcony of the inn, and from the crowded bridge, was glorious indeed; and at one moment two bright clouds so rose and formed themselves underneath the fair orb of heaven, as to give the appearance of a lofty and radiant throne, whence it beamed forth in majesty to "rule the night."

Thursday, July 29th.—My friends left Basle early this morning, intending to take a different line from that which I was to pursue homeward. I was desirous to visit the Protestant Missionary institution, which has long flourished in this town, and immediately after breakfast bent my way to the street called Missiongasse, in which it was situated. Unfavourably for my

visit, I found that this was the time of the vacation, and all the young students were absent, as well as their instructors. However, I was favoured by meeting, close to the door of the institution, a gentleman who has long taken an active part in the affairs of the Mission, and is himself a member of the committee. My only introduction to his notice was an inquiry which I made of him as to the site of the establishment; but this was sufficient to obtain from him every possible courtesy and information. He at once accompanied me over the whole premises, and I could not possibly have been in better hands for my object.

In one room I saw a large and most interesting collection of miniatures, representing the Missionaries who had gone forth from this Institution to preach the Gospel in all quarters of the earth. Many of them were time-honoured names, whose labours were renowned through the civilized globe, and who have now ceased from their work, and gone to their eternal rest. Others have been at their post during many a year, and are still maintaining it in that Saviour's name who has hitherto preserved and blessed them, and will doubtless bless them unto the

end of their earthly career. Others have just gone forth to fight the battles of the Lord—many of them young in years, but strong in grace and purpose, under the one grand constraining influence of love to the Lord Jesus Christ, and consequent love for everlasting souls, redeemed by His blood, and some of them only waiting for the Gospel, to welcome and receive it, and live a life of faith in the Son of God, through the accompanying power of God the Holy Ghost.

Among the pictures was one of Gobat, so long known as the honoured Missionary in Abyssinia, then transferred to Malta, where he had commenced a most useful and promising career, and now advanced to the Bishopric of Jerusalem.

There were also likenesses of Hamberg and Lechlen, who went to China in 1846, and now live together there,* with twelve Chinese under

* How lamentable it is to think of the small number of the representatives of the Church of England now employed as Missionaries in China, though England is the very country which has had most to do with forcing China—I think most culpably and unjustly—into contact with European intercourse. I have lately read a very interesting work by the Rev. George Smith, sent to China by the Church Missionary Society, and entitled a "Narrative of a Visit to the Consular Cities of China," which at the end has a document painfully illustrating our neglect of Missionary

their instruction. On their arrival in China they at once separated themselves from Europeans,—adopted the Chinese dress, and began to live like natives in all things tending to gain their confidence and familiarity of intercourse.

There are two separate establishments connected with this Institution. I understood that in the two there were fifty young men now in preparation for Missionary labours abroad. It is desired to have persons of all classes in training

exertion, as a Church, in regard to the countless millions of China now in heathen darkness, and total ignorance of Christ. That document is styled, "A List of Protestant Missionaries who are either now in China, or have been in China within the last two years," and is dated May 1846. These are forty-four in number; and while we have cause to rejoice that on the list there is a large proportion of earnest and industrious labourers in the cause of the Gospel from America, and several representatives of the London Missionary Society, only one name appears deputed by the Church of England, and that is the author of the work himself, who, I believe, is no longer there.

These circumstances, as very naturally might be expected, so forcibly and keenly struck the author of the book just mentioned, that, at one place, having described the zealous and energetic efforts of the Romish Church in China, he thus proceeds:—

"And with these signs of activity among the professors of a corrupted form of Christianity, vigorously pouring their emissaries into the breach opened into the heart of this heathen continent, what have we to contrast in the present operations of Protestant churches, and especially of our own Church? While public buildings, of almost palace-like structure, have been raised at a munificent outlay of expenditure, no signs of the building of

for the work, and to have some capable of instructing converts to Christianity in handicrafts and manual trades. My informant told me that some of their young men were qualified to instruct those natives of India, who might lose caste and the means of their livelihood by embracing Christianity, in the art of clock-making —one in which the Germans and Swiss are very skilful adepts.

A garden of considerable size is attached to

a suitable edifice for the public worship of God, according to the forms and ritual of the Church of England, meet the eye in any direction. Hospitals, forts, batteries, barracks, a jail, and even a Mahometan mosque, already stand as speaking monuments of the priority in the scale of importance of secular undertakings over religious duties. One solitary Missionary at Shanghae is the only representative of the Missionary zeal of the Church of England. The writer leaves China with the melancholy reflection that this is all that can be deemed Missionary work among the Chinese, either in present operation or in immediate prospect, in which we can claim any part."—P. 519.

It should be a subject of real thankfulness that an onward movement has commenced among us, and it gratifies me much to be enabled to state, on the authority of a friend thoroughly acquainted with the Church Missionary Society's operations, that no less than five clergymen of our Church are now engaged to proceed as labourers to China, in connexion with that Society. I hear that two are to go immediately, and that the others will ere long follow. God grant that hundreds may be led to follow their steps, for numbers such as this are needed for Chinese evangelization, and instruction in the ways of the Lord!

the premises, and in this the pupils constantly work. The preservation of robust health, and the prevention of any soft or luxurious habits, are objects of considerable care; and such care is, indeed, most judicious.

The age of the pupils is, for the most part, from eighteen to twenty-two.

No English traveller, interested in the spread of the Gospel, should pass through Basle without paying a visit to this effective and honourable institution. The sympathy of Englishmen is always acceptable, as evinced towards Christian efforts abroad; and although there is much to be regretted in the present backwardness of our country, nationally speaking, as the champion of Protestant and Scriptural truth all over the world, still that character is not obliterated from the foreign mind: and, thanks be to God, there are some Englishmen who, by their well-known efforts in the cause of sound religion abroad, win for their countrymen at large that Christian reputation which ensures them a brotherly welcome, and the right hand of fellowship, and hearty cordial confidence, wheresoever they manifest any spirit of inquiry or zeal as to divine things, among foreign Protestants in all quarters

of the globe. Neither should I omit to mention that the Missionary Society of Basle is one worthy of liberal support, as needing increased funds, and managing those which are entrusted to it with much economy, and with strict aim at ruling its expenditure with the most careful eye to obtaining the largest results in the cause of souls.

It was yet early in the day when I quitted Basle, having not only visited this religious establishment, but also having had a conversation on the state of Switzerland with a merchant of consideration in the town. He told me that he considered there was much to fear as to civil war, and that he thought it must ensue unless an intervention of foreign governments took place. He appeared to me what we should call a *conservative* in his principles, for although he expressed himself as a very strong liberal, he spoke of both the agitating parties with equal disapprobation, and seemed to think that, both on the side of the Bernese and their confederate radicals, and of the members of the Sonderbund, that overweening ambition and the violent desire for personal distinction was the chief acting motive which had led to the present crisis of affairs.

With the view of journeying altogether by railway, instead of having to go the first fifteen miles otherwise,* I went to Kehl by the railway, which runs to Strasburg through the French territory of Alsace. The station for this line is not more than two or three minutes' walk from the hotel of the "Three Kings." Not stopping at all on the way, I have little to observe, except that we passed through a district in which are several manufacturing towns, and a very industrious population; that our direction was through one continued plain, at the present time filled with reapers and the gatherers of harvest, which was most abundant and in first-rate condition for being housed; and that, within a mile or two of our course, with little variation, were the roots of the long chain of the lofty mountains of Alsace, which formed the continued back-ground of the scenery. Opening valleys occasionally disclosed the entrances into this interesting country, and I could not help hoping that at some time or another I might be able to visit a region little explored by the English traveller, though doubtless containing scenes and objects which

* I believe that the railroad, on the German side also, will soon be completed to Basle.

would amply repay his search. There is one which I need scarcely mention, so well is its history known to all who sympathize in Christian and philanthropic effort—the Ban de la Roche, where Oberlin lived, laboured, and loved.

Many ruins of castles crown picturesquely the hills, skirting the adjacent plain on which we were travelling; and a vast number of small towns, very often adorned with fine old churches, were lying snugly close to the foot of the hills. Here the population seemed chiefly to dwell, as there were very few scattered houses to be seen.

At Colmar, a prosperous town of 12,000 inhabitants, we saw some enormous chimneys of manufacturing establishments, smoking with an energy and abundance of black smoke not unworthy of Preston or Manchester. Cotton manufacture is carried on here to a considerable extent, chiefly for producing the material used for the "blouse," or blue smock-frock, so much in favour throughout many parts of the Continent.

I merely passed through Strasburg, and then went on to Kehl, by a succession of omnibuses, which keep up this communication of a few miles distance. From Kehl the railroad takes

the traveller into the Grand Baden line, by which I proceeded to Baden-Baden for the night, never having seen that place before, well known as it is to travellers generally, both for its own intrinsic beauty and for the numerous assemblage of visitors from all the nations of Europe, who are there crowded and thronged during the few months for which its season lasts.

From the station at Oos the line of rail makes a rapid and beautiful curve into the bosom of the hills forming the outer slope and confines of the Black Forest. The effect of this quick transition from the plain into the very middle of woods, and slopes, and heights—which soon admitted the full view of a beautiful town extending itself on every prominent ridge—was peculiarly striking and attractive.

The hotels were so crowded, that I had to make two or three applications before I could receive admission into any of them; and even then my room was of a very ordinary description. This was not from any deficiency in the house (the "Hôtel de France"), but from the multitude of guests accommodated at the time. The "Hôtel de l'Europe," to which I went first, seemed very much in favour, and was occupied in every

corner. It is a palace-like edifice, and advantageously situated. So is the "Hôtel de France," where I was. The "Hôtel de Russie," and also that "De la Cour de Bade," presented much outward promise. I mention these names for the sake of any traveller who may have to go about (as is very likely in the summer) seeking a place of reception.

As it was late when I arrived, and I had had little time to eat during the day, I requested the waiter to order me a "petit souper." To my surprise, and, I must say, to the no little disrepute of the country and place—if it accords with its custom to heap up together and present to the guests such profuse materials for gluttony and epicureanism,—this *little supper* consisted of salmon, mutton-chops, half a chicken, perigord pie, salad, potatoes, stewed apricots, tartlets, ice, almonds, cheese, and three kinds of cake! Of these I sent away a large proportion on their very appearance, but not, I think, much to the satisfaction of the waiters. In fact, I wished to conclude the affair without much delay, as the evening was very lovely, and I heard the indistinct tones of a fine distant band, which I was desirous to approach.

On leaving the hotel, and crossing the petty stream which runs down this valley, and seems the only thing of an attractive character in the place, I turned to the left under a shaded avenue of trees, and went in the direction whither I was invited by the sound of the music. Not having had any previous idea of the mode of life adopted at Baden-Baden, it may be supposed that I was not a little dazzled at finding myself, before two or three minutes had elapsed, in the midst of a scene such as I do not remember ever to have witnessed before. On the right was an immense building, brilliant as it could be from external architecture and internal decoration, and a vast profusion of lights in every direction, and crowds of company thronging its floors. Outside this building gaily-dressed visitors from all lands were sitting and conversing; and, in front of it, a vast multitude were pacing to and fro, in the full blaze of light streaming out from the building within, and shed down by the lamps without. To finish the description of the scene, a large band of musicians was playing in a raised open orchestra nigh at hand, with the utmost spirit and skill.

Had there been nothing more to tell, the

language of condemnation might have been silent as to the scene; but it could not be so, when it is added, that in the splendid halls which I have described, continual public gambling is carried on. The tables are there spread as a temptation to all who come hither, and were in full employment as I entered and traversed that gorgeous place, which is, I fear, very much maintained out of the profits of this crying iniquity. It is fearful to think how many may have here been ruined, and, perhaps, become desperate through losses at play; and for how many sins against God, their families, and themselves, the system, as here pursued, must have had to answer. I can scarcely imagine any greater dereliction of principle than that public and notorious encouragement of gambling, given in so many of the Continental principalities, indubitably and undeniably with the view of attracting travellers to any particular locality, and so increasing the pecuniary profits of the place, and, whether directly or indirectly, of the sovereign.

I soon quitted the scene, not only of the gambling, but also of the gay crowds; and as I pursued my solitary way homeward, underneath the dark and silent avenue of trees, and in the full

beams of a calmer, fairer, and more tranquil light, even that of a summer moon, my heart was lifted up—not, I trust, in a pharisaic or misanthropical frame—but, nevertheless, in thankfulness to God, that He had set before so many, and myself also, better pleasures and delights than those which the world can supply; and that most blessed, yet most humbling question, came forth with thrilling power from God's Holy Word, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not *receive*."* How thankful should we be for the renewal of our *tastes*, and for worldly scenes losing all their former attraction, when the word has gone forth in behalf of a soul, "Let there be light!" Then "the love† of Christ constraineth;"

* 1 Cor. iv. 7.

† I quote the beautiful and most Scriptural words of a Christian Sovereign on the effects of this mighty principle.

"Love and gratitude are the fundamental powers of moral nature, and surpass every other motive in purity, strength, and durability .... The right of adoption spreads over the heart, life, and whole Christian existence, a serene, quiet, and an invigorating peace—every thing is in accordance and harmony—the outward and inward attuned. The miserable patchwork, the wretched labouring on single virtues, ends; the huddled-together fragments of single ideas and images disappear; the starts and ebullitions of changing motives vanish, and the still, deep power of gratitude and love makes the stream of life clear and peaceful, and we

and, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."*

know of a safety-haven to which we have right of entrance."—*The Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III., King of Prussia.*

* 1 John v. 4.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MINERAL WATERS — COSTUMES — MEDITATIONS — DEPARTURE— HEIDELBERG—THE CASTLE—GRAND RUINS—CASTLE GARDENS —CHANGE OF APPROACH—SUNSET.

Friday, July 30th.—The morning arose not less lovely than was the evening before. My intention was to leave Baden-Baden for Heidelberg in the middle of the day; and this gave me time for seeing a little more of the beauties and character of this place. I rose early, and went to the spring where the mineral waters are drunk. This sanitary proceeding goes on under an edifice of the most gorgeous splendour. A long, raised, broad colonnade stretches far in front of the interior apartment, and this colonnade is highly decorated with fresco-paintings of a superior and laboured character, representing scenes in connexion with the history, poetry, and reminiscences of these and the neighbouring localities. This colonnade was entirely open at one side, and

admitted very pleasing views. There was nothing to mention as to the apartment in distinction to that ordinarily seen at many watering-places, both at home and abroad, except that an Englishman's eye could scarcely help dwelling on the strange and fantastic figures into which so many of the men metamorphosed themselves by the inordinate eccentricity of dress. Hats were white, green, and grey; and of shapes beyond fancy itself to sketch. Some, too, wore black velvet caps, and others the same article in red; and some coats were of white cloth, and others of nankeen, while they varied from the tightest fit to shapes of which the sack or a Righi* blanket seemed the only prototype; and underneath these hats, and at the top of these fantastic garments, were black, tufted lumps of hair, by way of heads, with mouth, nose, and eyes, which seemed to be just scooped out for the sake of recognition, eating, and individuality.

After breakfast, I walked up the wooded hill, which rises behind the public and ornamental structures of the place. The view from above,

* Those who have slept on the Righi, and remember the printed caution, or rather suggestion as to this portion of the bed-covering, will at once understand the allusion here made.

across the valley, and into the various scenes presenting themselves along the face of the heights in front, was very attractive indeed. From hence the town looked extremely picturesque, especially that more distant part which clustered around the old church; and there were hanging woods, and retreating valleys, and an old castle, cutting the air aloft with its defined outline on the summit of the ridge.

Beautiful as this place is, I did not feel inclined to delay in its precincts one single hour beyond that which I had originally destined for my visit. It seems too much of a "fool's paradise" as to its social condition. There was too much publicity, promenading, and general exhibition of idleness. Sometimes, when passing transiently through such scenes, I have very strongly realized the value of regular labour, daily duty, and a home. To these feelings I was no stranger during the hour which I passed on this hill. It was one of meditation; and though all around was lovely to behold, and not unappreciated by me—and though I had no doubt that much of innocent happiness was going on among many of the number congregated here, still dissipation was strongly stamped

on the place, and I felt glad when the time came for setting out for Heidelberg, and little disposed to mark this scene as one which I should desire to visit again at any future time. The public and allowed gambling is such a stigma on the character of Baden-Baden, and so plainly declares that the "fear of God" is not here, that I can scarcely conceive how any true Christian man could dwell with ease and satisfaction nigh to such unblushing profligacy, without having his soul vexed by the open and daring unrighteousness so close at hand.

The train reached Heidelberg at two, and thus I had several hours, which I could spend there, with the ability of proceeding onwards by the last convoy to Manheim, where I was to pass the night. The bend into the valley of the Neckar, at the mouth of which Heidelberg is situated, somewhat resembles that which I have already described as leading to Baden-Baden. Nothing could be richer than the crops, more brilliant than the sun, fairer than the wooded slopes on both sides of the valley, or more striking than the momentary view of the castle as we approached the termination of our journey. The station is a short distance from the gate of

the town, from which a very long street, becoming at each step more peopled, and furnished with superior shops, leads straight up into the very heart of the place. This street was thronged by a multitude of students, but with the eccentricity of dress very much mitigated, so far as my recollection serves, in comparison with what I had witnessed in Heidelberg many years ago. Sundry of these young men were scarred in the face, and thus bore the memorials of their duelling propensities. On this subject I have already spoken,* and therefore shall omit any reference to it here. There was, as might be expected, a vast number of shops evidently arranged to please and attract the tastes of young academicians; and the book-shops and print-shops were not by any means thinly interspersed with those of dealers in cigars and pipes. The latter articles were not devoid of attraction, as their bowls were very large, mostly formed of china, and painted in miniature designs of much beauty and high finish.

Proceeding up the town, I came all at once in view of the grand and venerable castle, at a point where the street opens on the right hand into a

* See p. 18.

square, admitting a full view straight upward. Aloft, the castle ruins spread themselves along the height in extensive and striking array. Some have considered them the finest ruins in Europe. I certainly do not agree with this opinion, holding that the Colosseum, and Tintern Abbey and the ruins of Girgenti, may claim a higher position in the category of dismantled edifices, which arrest and fascinate the eye of the beholder. As to two points, however, the Castle of Heidelberg may challenge competition with any ruin in the world. The first is, size; the second is, position.

I passed a considerable time among these interesting scenes, but consider them too generally known to need description here at any considerable length. Nevertheless, I will just observe that a steep shaded path leads up to the castle from the town, and you enter the building under a dark portal on the right. You then find yourself in a large arched guard-room. Hence you ascend again among carved walls and wildly-tangled foliage; until, on turning to the left, you find yourself on a large, open platform with small turrets at each corner. Hence you have a very magnificent view of the town

beneath, of the opposite hills covered with vines and wood, of the fine old stone bridge, of the river Neckar which it spans, and of the valley, narrow to the right, but expanding to the left into the vast plain which occupies the distance, except where shut out from view by the neighbouring heights. The platform on which you stand is raised by nature and art—by cliff and masonry—so high from below, that trees of very large size, rooted in the ground below, present their topmost crown to your view, though not reaching within a considerable distance the point on which you stand and gaze down upon their tops and into their branches beneath.

The architecture of the ruin is very irregular; and in illustration of this remark, I have only to say, that figures of the ancient Margraves of Baden carved in stone, and represented in full armour, form a portion of the ornaments. There is a heterogeneous mixture of stern feudal style on the one hand, and of Italian decoration on the other; one of the characteristics of the Castle of Heidelberg being this, that it was a combination of fort and palace. It never was really strong as a fortification, and as to its merits as a residence, I am unable to speak accurately,

from want of information as to the habits of those times when it was the seat of peculiar luxury and splendour. Nevertheless, on comparison with many other royal and princely dwellings of old times, I should imagine that it must have been a superb and attractive abode.*

The gardens behind the castle are extensive and varied. They command delightful views. Most needlessly, I think, as well as inappropriately, the town being so near, coffee-rooms and dining-rooms are established here; and I understood that a daily table-d'hôte was spread and well attended. On the opposite side of the castle a small garden, built apparently on a rampart of enormous thickness, will interest the English traveller, as reported to have been formed by the Elector Frederick for his English bride, the accomplished and admired daughter of King James. It has in it some very fine trees, and (like every other spot connected with the castle, whether within or without,) possesses glorious views.

Some one may naturally ask, what are the

* Mr. James, in his historical romance of "Heidelberg," has skilfully interwoven many local details relative to these scenes—specially as connected with the life and residence of the Elector Frederick.

specific features which earn for the Castle of Heidelberg such renown as a ruin? According to my impression, they are these—its vast extent —its picturesque union of building, foliage, and trees in one mass—and its union of fortress and palace in one. None who have once seen it will ever, I think, forget or undervalue it.

I have spoken more than once of the view *from* the castle. The finest view *of* it which I enjoyed, was that from the bridge. Travellers in former days usually saw it first from this direction, as coming from Darmstadt down the valley of the Neckar. The first sight of it obtained by those arriving from the railroad, (as most do now,) is very far inferior.*

* In writing this, I am reminded of precisely the same circumstance as having taken place at Oxford. The former entrance from the London road over Magdalene bridge, and up the High-street, was immeasurably superior to that approach by which the stranger, arriving by the railroad, now first becomes acquainted with the matchless beauties of this town in general. I think that any one, bringing a friend to Oxford for the first time, and wishing to introduce him to its precincts with the best effect, should cross the water, after leaving the railroad, then go by Christ Church meadow towards Magdalene bridge, and not turn till the turnpike is reached, so that the effect of entering Oxford may be precisely the same as that formerly experienced. I pursued this plan not many weeks ago, when I had the pleasure of conducting my valued Cambridge friend, the Bishop of Melbourne, and one in his company, who had never seen Oxford before.

Towards the sunset of this day (which had been most lovely throughout, and was now passing away with intermingled hues of gold, crimson, and violet, encircling the whole horizon with rich lustre and beauty,) I went on to Manheim, and slept there for the night at the grand hotel, most commodiously erected within the last few years on the borders of the Rhine.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COLOGNE—EVENING SCENE—NIGHT.

Saturday, July 31*st.*—I went on this day by steamboat to Cologne. This expedition occupied about fourteen hours; but as the vessel went at the rate of sixteen or seventeen miles an hour, the distance which we accomplished was proportionably great.

I went again to the "Hotel Royal," and as I was gazing out of my window at night, it appeared to me that, if one was to try, it would be impossible to exaggerate the life and animation —the variety and splendour of the scene once more before my eyes.

I shall describe it as a present thing.

The sun has just set brightly and gorgeously. Underneath my window, between the hotel and the river, extends a broad quay, thronged with

people, and at the same time leaving ample room for large piles of wood in bales, sacks of corn, barrels of wine, boxes of fruit, and all sorts of merchandise. Close alongside the quay are lying long, handsome, gaily-painted barges, with tall masts and ample rigging, altogether forming a species of craft almost, if not quite, unknown in our land, but familiar to those acquainted with the traffic on the Rhine. To my right and left, and within one hundred yards of each other, are two small quays, projecting a little into the water; and at the extremity of each is moored a showy, taper, canoe-shaped steamboat, abundantly decked with flags and ensigns—one having the Prussian eagle as its banner, the other bearing the combined flags and colours of various nations, with CONCORDIA, stamped as the motto, on her banner. Then widely, deeply, peacefully, yet swiftly, flows the glorious Rhine—on, on—like some good-humoured giant, confident of his strength, yet injuring none. On flows the mighty Rhine—this wonderful high-road given to Western Europe; which enriches and sustains so many connected with its waters; which has given delight to the eyes of such multitudes, from generation to generation, among the children

of men. The very name, too, raises the enthusiasm of millions dwelling on its loved and venerated borders. "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" the very song of which this is the burden, would draw from their scabbards at this moment thousands and ten thousands of swords in defence of the country laved by the noble stream. See! How gracefully, upon the right, it sweeps and curves towards this ancient and renowned city! Look in the other direction, and see how grandly, yet courteously, it wends its departing way—not rudely or suddenly, or with rapid and angular bend, as if glad to escape, but as if gradually retiring from one honoured and beloved! And not far down, but just opposite the middle of the city, look at the powerful stream, bearing on its surface the long light bridge of boats—willingly bearing them—and thus telling how gentle is the river in its course, both summer and winter; ever flowing within a few feet of those countless passengers, but never harming one, like some noble charger, carefully bearing the infant or delicate female on its back. And at the opposite extremity of this bridge rise some palace-like hotels, with their windows and gilded inscriptions flashing in the last blaze

of sunset; and there are other habitations, less conspicuous, around; and trees and foliage are interspersed among them, so as to obviate any stiffness in the scene. Moreover, a line of low fortifications borders at one part the bank of the stream, speaking to its waters safety and protection, should enemies profane them; and these bulwarks are flanked right and left by rows of poplars, and meadows greenly spread between their stems, and corn-fields, waving at this moment with crops ripe and brown in their maturity . . . . . A few minutes have passed by. And now these sights are all reflected in the stream more clearly and more brilliantly as the sunlight wanes; and the waters have a picture painted in them all along their banks—the image of that above, and scarcely less an apparent reality. Music, too, begins to float across the stream, and tells of Cologne's citizens as gathered together, like true Germans, in the open air to listen and enjoy all around, underneath those trees, from whence the sounds proceed. I will write no more, but go forth and wander for a while to taste of the delights of this fair eve, and, if enabled, to praise the Almighty Giver of these and all good gifts.

Midnight. The lights are all extinguished, except the few red lamps gleaming along the bridge, and dancing tremulously in the wave beneath. The music is all stilled—excepting that of one man's voice, very strong, melodious, and clear, coming from I know not whence. The tones are those which might well become some young enthusiastic student. Now I hear the flow of the waters, calmly murmuring along, with ripple unheard and unnoticed by day, and the moon lights up a path of radiant brilliancy right across the broad waters before me. I am glad that I rose to look upon such beauty, and amply sufficient is the shining of the moon for penning my remembrance thereof. Oh! how "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and *night unto night* sheweth knowledge." *

* Psalm xix. 1, 2.

CHAPTER XXV.

SABBATH—ROMISH CEREMONIES—ROMISH DELUSION—COLOGNE CATHEDRAL—CEREMONIES—PROCESSION—QUOTATION—EVENING PRAYERS.

Sunday, August 1st.—The usual scene of English travellers departing on Sunday took place, I much regret to say, this morning. I proposed to hold service, and mentioned my intention to more than one party. Civility and thanks attended the proposition, but in each instance the excuse of proceeding on the journey was given. Such a system is really a most daring infringement of the plainest laws of God; and the English, (who have such full advantages of Scriptural light diffused through their country, and not only this, but who have the benefit of seeing Christian privileges and Christian duty so embodied in practice at home, that I truly believe the Lord's-day is better kept in Great Britain than in any quarter of the globe,) are surely

most responsible and most culpable for their reckless proceedings on the Continent, in relation to the due observance of the Lord's-day. I speak, of course, knowing that there are many exceptions; and that many, howsoever pressed for time—howsoever comfortless and uninteresting any place of sojourning may be where they find themselves on Saturday night—look upon it as a thing morally out of the question for them to commit such a breach of God's positive command, and of those good habits which prevail at home, as to act in this ungodly manner. How can they expect a blessing from God on their way?—to put it in no other light.

To-day is the anniversary of a "fête de paroisse," in a parish occupying a part of Cologne, which is near the quarter most likely to come under the notice of English travellers. Various descriptions of religious pageants and ceremonies are now going on, both in the church and in the streets. I was not aware of these proceedings until I found myself in a narrow street, where flags and banners of gay colour were suspended across from the opposite houses. At one spot was a strange ornament, absolutely composed of eggs; to this a long Latin inscrip-

tion was attached, beginning with the following lines, as it were to show how dear the doctrine—the idolatrous and superstitious doctrine—of transubstantiation was to the writer, and perhaps to the exhibitor:

> "Sub pane latentem
> Te Deum profiteor," &c.

Many parts of the parish were strewed with leaves, and at one place I met a gorgeous procession of priests, bearing a bed of state with a crimson canopy above, and lights, and maces, and banners, and incense, and all the trumpery wickedly palmed upon the people in Romish lands as connected with the service of God, and forming part of a worship and adoration acceptable in His sight. Oh! what a *mortal* sin it must be (to use one of their own favourite expressions) to dazzle the eye, and to fascinate the ear, and even to appeal to the low organ of smell, and thus (on a system of centuries, but not the better for that) to subjugate and charm each sense; then to send the poor deluded people home, thinking that they have done a good and religious work in attending this theatric pomp!

I was present to-day at a part of the services in the Popish cathedral of Cologne, not from any

curiosity, because I have witnessed abundance of such scenes to satisfy all such feelings, but from thinking it a duty (as I have long held it to be,) for Protestant clergymen, as opportunity is given, to see, note, and realize, by personal attendance and inspection, the sinful and superstitious practices by the which Romish worship is characterized, more or less, wherever it prevails. Having witnessed these things personally, they can more heartily and forcibly protest against them at home, "testifying what they have seen," as well as what they have read in books, or heard from the mouth of travellers. And I have met with many able and experienced men, who have been all their lives devoted to the principles of our Reformed Church, and possessed of such enlarged minds as to be open to all reasonable conviction, and fully qualified to receive trustworthy information, as well as to give it a fixed and abiding place in their minds, who, not having visited the Continent until considerably advanced in years, have told me on their return, that the evils of Popery, both as to doctrine and as to practice, were far more glaring than they had been enabled to conceive; and that, although they went out hating and dreading the system

much, they returned hating and dreading it unspeakably more.*

I have no intention of entering here into the subjects of the worship of the Virgin, the celebration of the mass, or other topics connected with the Romish services, but shall only notice a few comparatively small matters observed by me to-day in the religious ceremonies going on in that mighty edifice—the Cathedral of Cologne.

At one side of the great altar was a full-sized figure of the Virgin crowned, with Christ, as a child, uncrowned, on her knees.

* In an article on Spain contained in the "Dublin Review," which I have heard attributed (and, I believe, with good reason,) to Dr. Wiseman, (now entitled by Romish authority, Bishop of Birmingham,) the reviewer speaks of the writer of this volume, in reference to his former work, entitled "Travels in France and Spain," as one "ever ready to see the fair side of men and things except with respect to Popery." I thankfully accept this general testimony, though with the special condemnation attached, as the reviewer's opinion on the one excepted thing. At all times the servants of God are equally bound to contend against error, as to advance and maintain positive truth. And according to the most threatening errors of each day, should the efforts of those holding scriptural truth in each generation be most earnestly and constantly directed. Who can doubt that our chief danger is now from Popery and from Popish tendencies? Let us act, therefore, as each builder described in the book of Nehemiah, who "with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon."

A long line of highly-dressed ladies and gentlemen formed a choir in the gallery, occupying the front row. The voices and the music were fine, but the chattering and levity of the party was conspicuous and unrestrained.

I saw also instances of most culpable levity among those *officiating*—even among the priests and choristers. One boy, with a most melodious, thrilling and magnificent voice, who came forward to sing with two others in front of the altar, at a very solemn part of the ceremony, was most notable for his irreverence, contriving almost to shape his mouth and face into a laugh and a chaunt at the same time. I should not have attached importance to this, had the boy alone been the culprit; but what struck me was this—that his conduct was witnessed by numbers of spectators, outside the grill, and their presence seemed to produce no fear in him of continuing such conduct. I do not believe that any one, young or old, would have been allowed to show such irreverence by the members of any Protestant congregation in England.

At one time a priest passed us, wearing a black, conical, tasselled cap, and a robe of yellow, overhung with black and white lace. A small pro-

cession accompanied him, bearing candles, and a cross, and closed by three priests decked with silvered mantles, one of whom went on sprinkling water lightly on the congregation from a kind of brush, which he waved hither and thither in his hand. The organ then burst forth, and a long procession came out of the choir, and paced along with that pomp and show,* which so frequently has brought to my mind the words of

* God grant that we may be preserved from any thing like increased show or ceremonial in our own Church! Too many efforts have already been made in this very direction. It is a positive duty for all Protestant clergymen and laymen to set their faces against such innovations, and not only to abstain from taking any part whatsoever in them, but to speak and act heartily against them. Nothing less than testimonies, of a character thus decided, are at all adequate to the perils and exigencies of our times. And how much are such testimonies wanting, not only on this specific matter, but in all which concerns the main religious practical controversies of our day! Many a politician—many a man of expediency—might be well addressed in the language of Carlyle, "with union founded on falsehood, and ordering us to speak and act lies, we will not have any thing to do. Peace? a brutal lethargy is peaceable; the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one." Many an ecclesiastic causes to our Church just that species of alarm and anxiety, which the pious Bishop Hall expressed concerning Laud; "I would I knew where to find you: to-day you are with the Romanists, to-morrow with us; our adversaries think you ours, and we theirs; your conscience finds you with both and neither: how long will you halt in this indifference?" Many need the exact *letter*, and many more the spirit of this faithful and feeling rebuke.

the prophet, "In vain do ye tread my courts." Surely, with the poet Rogers in his "Italy," we may term the system of Rome—

> "A wondrous spell,
> Where true and false were with infernal art
> Close interwoven: where together meet
> Blessings and curses, threats and promises;
> And with the terrors of futurity
> Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates,
> Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric,
> And dazzling light and darkness visible,
> And architectural pomp such as none else."

All this time the people were not only walking up and down the body of the church in full and careless talk, but they were absolutely promenading round and round the open grill of the choir in which the priests were officiating at the altar, within a few yards of their course.

On these scenes I shall make no comment. They speak for themselves with no "uncertain sound," and tell too plainly the results of turning the pure and spiritual worship of God into a pageant and a show.

The size of the cathedral is immense. At present the inside wants the beauty and symmetry of uninterrupted space, from its rough unfinished state, and the reparations going on: but both

within and without the magnitude of the edifice is of a very arresting character.

The heat of to-day at Cologne was very oppressive, and formed a most unsatisfactory contrast, so far as my personal feelings were concerned, to the brisk and refreshing air of the mountains, from which I had so lately come down.

In the evening I read prayers in the apartment of two young countrymen, having been unsuccessful in obtaining any means of more effectually exercising my ministry during the course of the day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RAILROAD—STORMY MORNING—EMBARKATION—THE BAR—PASSAGE—CONVERSATION—DOVER—HOME.

Monday, August 2d.—Again I had before me the long and wearisome journey by railroad from Cologne to Ostend; but being now on my way homeward, and having finished my intended course, I had no inclination to make any needless delay. No less than 350 persons were in the train by which I travelled; and one of the guards told me that in one convoy yesterday there were no less than sixty carriages, and that 6,000 persons were yesterday by this railway. The dust and shaking of the carriages for the last half of the journey was most disagreeable.

Just as we arrived at Ostend, after above fourteen hours of travel, the sky, which had hitherto been clear and cloudless, became all at once overcast and black, and some drops heavily

fell, and all portended a complete change of weather. I went to the same hotel where I had been before, and retired to bed with the sound of rain pattering on the windows, and of a rising storm. This was not very auspicious for the intended voyage of the next morning.

Tuesday, August 3*d.*—On waking this morning I looked out with some anxiety to ascertain the character of the day. It appeared wild, dark, and stormy. The trees were bending low before the wind, and the smoke flying horizontally away from the tops of the chimneys on the moment of its exit, with a rapidity which betokened no very pleasant state of things on the wide waters. The sea was totally out of my sight, both from the aspect in which my bedroom window looked, and from the low dike-bound position of Ostend. However, I had no inclination to remain, and sent on my portmanteau to the quay for embarkation in the Dover packet.

I had met a foreign gentleman on the Rhine steamboat who was on his way to England, and he had been my companion through the fatigue, heat, dust, and shaking of yesterday. He was a well-bred man of middle age, with a military deportment, and had a sword among his

goods. On descending the stairs I found him in some doubt as to the expediency of crossing the Channel. He appealed to me on the subject, and asked me my opinion of the day, saying that he had been told of the wind being very high, and of the likelihood of our having a rough passage. I said that it was not unlikely, but proposed proceeding to the quay, and finally deciding there. To this he assented, and accompanied me on my way. When I arrived there I saw no adequate reason to delay crossing the Channel, and he determined to act in the same manner.

I had not been more than two or three minutes on board, when the stout captain of the vessel, a foreigner, like all the crew, excepting one Englishman, began to swear; I was not far off, and approaching him quietly, remonstrated with him on the evil and profane habit, in which he evidently indulged. No one could receive the intimation better: "You are very right, sir; I will leave off. I will not do so no more. A bad way."

Just as the vessel was quitting the quay, I scattered my last few tracts in the French language among the crowd on the pier. They

eagerly caught them, and little clusters of people were soon gathered about each individual into whose hands these useful messengers of truth had fallen.

I then went forward on the deck, and had just begun talking to the only English sailor in the crew, whom I discovered to be a religious man, and taught from God's word. My conversation, was, however, brought to a rapid and most sudden close in two or three minutes after our starting, for as we were crossing the bar of the harbour, the vessel dipped its head down into the sea, without giving any notice whatever, and I was completely enveloped in a sheet of water which swept over that part of the deck on which I was standing. I immediately hastened aft, and sheltered myself behind a carriage, where I found a very comfortable position, which I did not quit for two or three subsequent hours.

The military gentleman had received the same rough treatment from the ocean as myself; but his southern clime, and inexperience of sea-voyages, made the affair by no means that joke or trifle to him which it was to myself. He came up to me in considerable alarm, eagerly inquiring whether there was any danger. "None whatever," said I;

but scarcely had I finished these words when the vessel twisted down into the water on one side, and cast up another large and violent wave, which flew on both sides of us, split and divided by the carriage. "Oh!" said he, "there *must* be danger; look how the water comes over the deck! it should not do that." And another foreigner added, "It is not like the water near Venice." "No," said I, "the Channel, where we are, is quite a different place from the Adriatic near Venice." But the other, who, perhaps, would have been courageous enough in battle, had not that ἀρετὴ ἐξ ἐπιστήμης,* which might naturally be supposed to belong to us islanders. "J'ai peur," he exclaimed, and appealed to me for encouragement. "Soulagez-moi, monsieur! tranquillisez-moi!" requesting me to ask the English sailor (whom he thought would know more about it than the others,) whether there was real danger. Not being will-

* Few who have read Aristotle's Ethics will forget his most acute anatomy of true courage, and discrimination between it and courage only of a seeming character—for instance, that derived from *experience* of circumstances, making those acquainted with certain positions apparently so much more brave *in them*, than those ignorant and inexperienced of such circumstances and emergencies.

ing to subject him to anything like ridicule, I endeavoured to avoid putting the question, but he persuaded me to do it, and the broad grin of the surprised tar *might* have soothed his alarm. But it did not. The vessel was pitching considerably, and the water copiously splashed over us; each successive wave of this description conveyed to my inexperienced acquaintance a notion of our being in a perilous predicament, which nothing on my part could remove or much assuage.

Confessions of alarm, common as they are among some nations, always seem strange to the ear of an Englishman, who, though he may have no "robur et æs triplex," around him in situations striking him as dangerous, will certainly abstain from betraying his fears, and will keep them to himself. But in this matter my new acquaintance was far more candid. There was certainly no concealment in him as to the state of his feelings, and it needed some effort, some self-control, and, I trust, something better, viz., the exercise of Christian love, to avoid showing any ridicule of such unfounded apprehensions. I am thankful to say that I was enabled to do this, though at times, I must confess, no little disposed

to laugh out. I tried to encourage in every way—ransacked my thoughts for cheering words—tried all topics for heads of consolation—*τόποι ἐνθύμηματων*, as Aristotle would say—pointing at one time to the brightening sun—at another to the lessening waves—at another to the total absence of fear on the part of the passengers—at another to the sailors talking and joking at their work. Presently I tried another system, made another tack, and sought to amuse, by reminding him of yesterday's dust, which we found so obnoxious, and asking whether the water of to-day was so bad as the vexatious dust of yesterday. "Oh! yes," said he, "much, much worse. We should have done far better to have remained at Ostend." I suggested that the weather seemed to be breaking up, and that we should soon be heartily glad to be on the other side. All being ineffectual hitherto, I was led to speak, as, perhaps, I ought to have spoken from the very first. I began to dwell with some solemnity on God's providential goodness and care towards us, and above all, on His mercy and infinite love, as manifested in the gift of Jesus Christ, His dearly-beloved Son to die for our sins. I endeavoured then to make known the Gospel—enforcing the

blessed truth, that, if we are believers in Christ, nothing can by any means harm us, but that all things must work together for our good; that in bodily safety, or in bodily danger, in life or in death, by sea or land, God is ours, as our Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier—our "all in all."

I may truly say that no previous conversation seemed to give so much satisfaction and confidence, or to turn the mind of my hearer from subjects of a character really painful to him, as a few sentences of this kind.

After we had finished about half our voyage the sea became much calmer, and we were soon landed at Dover. At three I left Dover by the train, in companionship with my foreign acquaintance, who expressed himself truly obliged for my endeavours to cheer him on the wide waste of waters, and who now seemed quite himself again. It gratified me much to hear him say that my religious conversation was that for which he felt mainly indebted.

On reaching London I crossed immediately to the Great Western station, and arrived at my own home in Reading exactly on the Tuesday month from the day of my leaving England for the Continent.

I had met with no single interruption, accident, or unpleasant circumstance on my way, but on the contrary, every thing to gratify me. And may the remembrance of this period be recorded with all due praise and thankfulness to Him, even our God and Saviour, who is the "Preserver of men;" and unto whom we owe all exemption from evil, and all enjoyment of good, both in this world, and in the world to come.

THE END.

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